The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1605 OCT. 25, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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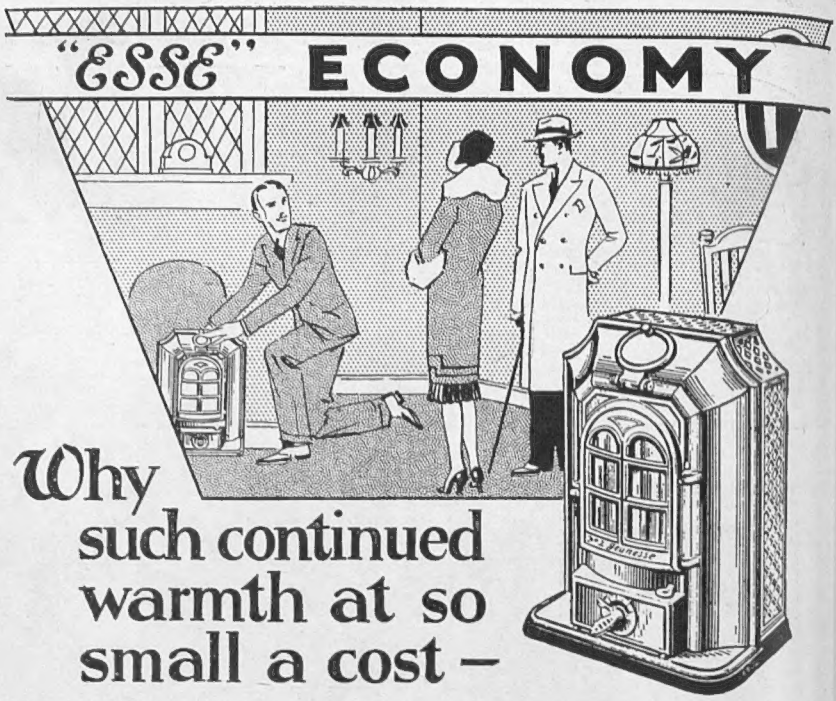

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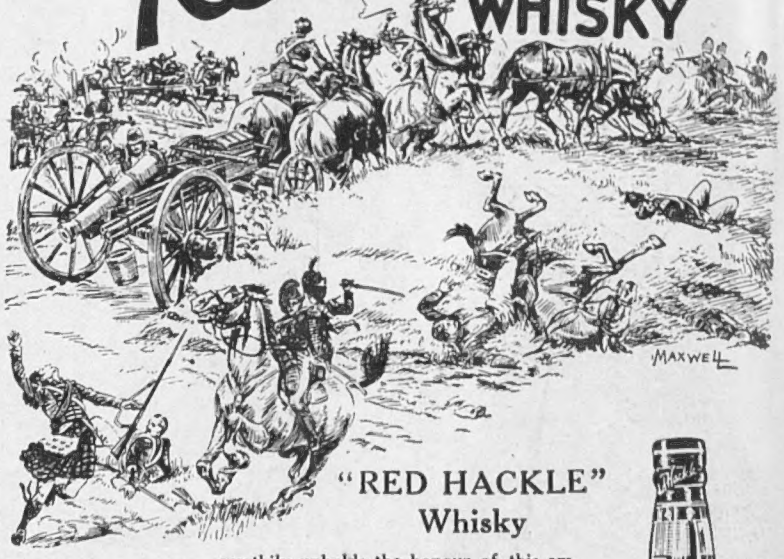

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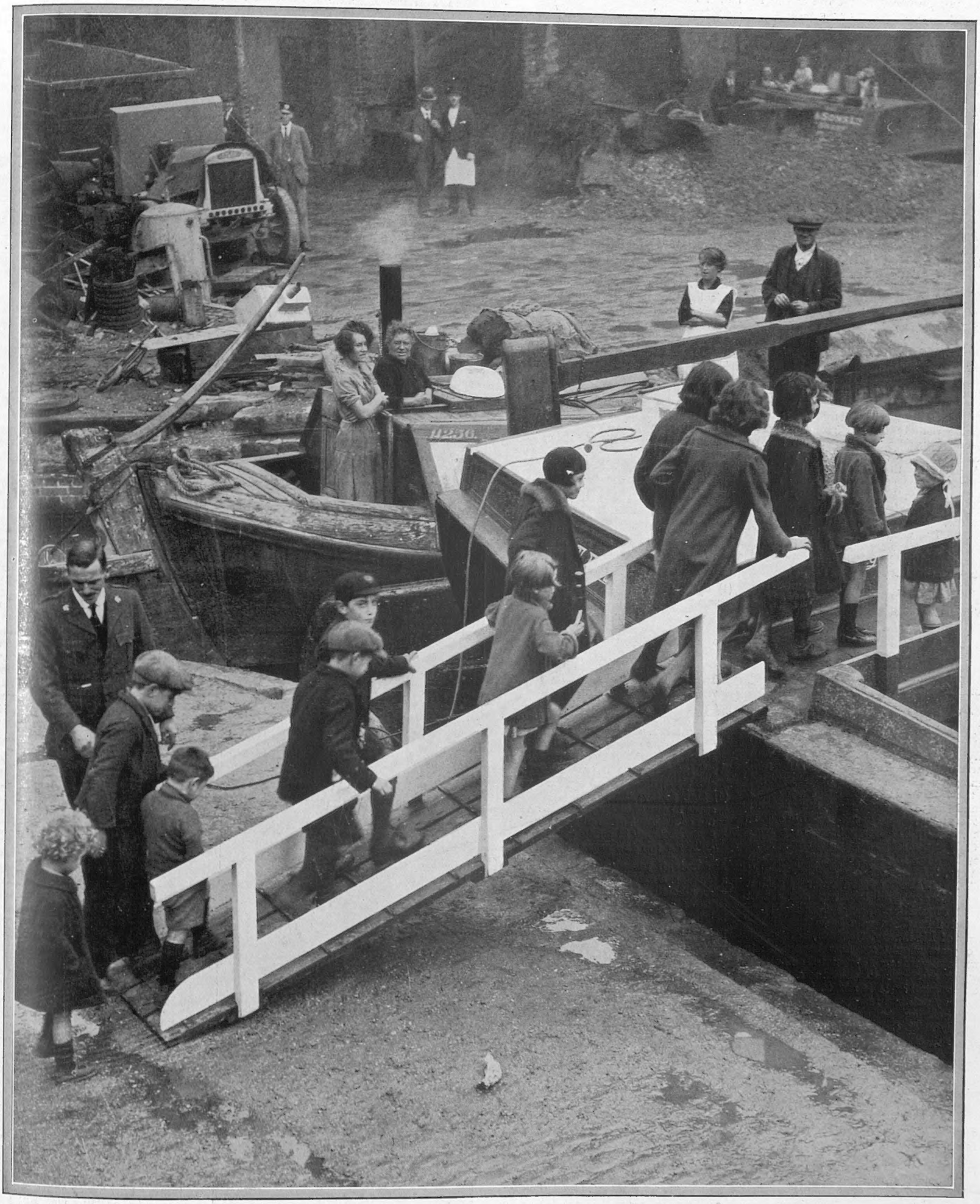


THE FIRST CLASS at the CANAL BARGE SCHOOL

The great outcry concerning the proposed enactment to compel the children of the bargees to attend boarding school has been stilled, largely owing to the sound common sense of Britain and the personal efforts of the humorist and intellectual warrior, Mr. A. P. Herbert, whose brilliant novel, *Water Gypsies*, made its appearance at the psychological moment. The barge-school, however, has in large measure solved the problem. Anchored at West Drayton, it has been endowed by the Grand Union Canal Company for the benefit of the children of the Company's employees who live afloat, and was dedicated by the Bishop of Bermuda. Above, the first class of toddlers is seen falsifying Shakespeare's school-going child.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 22, 1930.

The Political Comedy.—It would be interesting to know whether, when he made his now historic and no longer recent pronouncement that the creation of a preference in favour of Empire goods was the only way of salvation for Imperial trade, Mr. Bennett realized quite how embarrassing his opinion would prove to all political parties in the Old Country. Mr. Baldwin has very naturally lost no time in hitching his bogged wagon to the Dominion Pleiades. Lord Beaverbrook is wishing he had put through a call to the land of his birth a year ago. Mr. George has the precedent of 1907, "barring and bolting" his exits or entrances at this juncture and can but fill in time by an appeal for a new personal fund, bolstered up by the very mildest criticism of the Government's shortcomings and one quick peep at a far-distant Liberal Utopia. As for the Government, the shadow of that granite Colossus, Mr. Snowden, falls over it and envelopes it in the darkness of the dark ages.

"He will Enquire."—It is clear that Mr. MacDonald intends to fall back on that refuge of butlers and Prime Ministers alike—"he will inquire." In other words, the Government will continue to explore the avenues and inquire into this interesting and apparently novel proposal made by the Empire's Bright Young Things. It will examine politely for six months many aspects of the proposal, its decision being already prejudged, as every man, woman, and child in the Empire will clearly realize. "The standard of living must not be lowered" is one of those vague vote-catching slogans which appeal to cowards, mediocrities, and lovers of power. The vicious circle spins on, and all our yesterdays for ever light the way to dusty death. I find it impossible not to believe that between them the obstinacy of Mr. Snowden and the convictions of the Dominion Premiers will bring the Labour Government toppling in a few months. The truth is, an important section of the nation realizes that we simply cannot afford to accord less than 101 per cent. of solemn consideration to so momentous a conviction from the Dominions.

The Socialist Stronghold.—But not all. Take the average Northern constituency on which the pinch of unemployment has pressed longest and hardest. Socialism—the ideal tub-thumper's Socialism—is still deep rooted in the voters' minds. Excuses are easily found for the failure of the Labour Government. It has been in office; true, but it has never been in power. "Only put us in power and then . . ." You have but to raise your voice once in the cry, "Hands off the people's food," to bring in every woman voter in such a constituency. And how can one expect that it should be otherwise, how could one expect that those who have tasted the dregs of life in, say, Durham, in the past two years should see now beyond their own back-yards or appreciate the need of further sacrifices to achieve a general improvement? It is not to be expected that any political reaction can be of the overwhelming nature that swept the country after the first Labour Government's disastrous failure.

No Half Measures Now.—But do not let us fear that on this account Mr. Baldwin is going to wreck the Conservative policy by linking economy with Imperial Preference in his newly-stated programme. The Conservatives have been nearly shipwrecked for the very reason that they had no clear and courageous policy. In nailing economy to the mast above the flag of Empire Mr. Baldwin cannot go too far, and has not gone far enough. His economy programme must be nothing less than a clarion call to sacrifice and more sacrifice in every class. He must start by promising cuts all round, from Cabinet Ministers' salaries down to the estimates for pencils in the Stationery Department of the obscurest Government office. A 10 per cent. cut in the official salary list will save £7,000,000 a year. By all means let him declare that direct taxation has gone far enough. Let him go further and indicate a dozen trenchant methods of getting the needful in other ways. The failure of the politician to-day is his inability to read the nation's character. In his nimble accountancy of votes he treats us all as voters solely concerned with their own pockets. We are not so. The bulk of the nation is still sane and patriotic, and will respond to a courageous call for sacrifice. The cry of "halt to further direct taxation and to purblind progress with the pernicious dole system" will lose Mr. Baldwin many seats in the distressed areas which cry out for emergency palliatives and cannot be expected to take the long view, but in the name of sanity let him realize that this is no time to put votes ahead of honest political beliefs. It is the golden opportunity for a courageous policy. Let Mr. Baldwin go berserker for economy and the nation will rally round him as for a practicable crusade, and there will be no need for him to find his successor. He has a long start of his rivals. The secretary of the Overseas Trade Department has found this psychological moment for recommending a 50 per cent. increase in the salaries of M.P.s!

M.P.'s Salaries.—This superb impertinence of Mr. Gillett, secretary to the D.O.T., is difficult to parallel. It seems to show how far removed are many of his kind from any realization of the financial crisis brought about by squandermania or of the attitude of the public towards the politician to-day. There are 615 members, and they already draw roughly a quarter million a year in salaries. They are a busy race, far busier than in old days when they took the representation of a block of citizens more lightly. Elections cost them money, and their constituencies are for ever preying on them for subscriptions. All this is true, but there are some counter-truths:

(1) Since members began to receive salaries, the standard of public life has deplorably fallen.
(2) The value, personal or political, of his M.P. to any individual voter has year by year grown smaller, and has reached vanishing point. The average citizen feels that he would be no worse off if he were disfranchised.
(3) The country is on the verge of bankruptcy, and we believe that this disaster has been largely brought about by the blindness, cowardice, self-interest, and incompetence of one Government after another.
(4) One policy alone can restore respect to any of our political parties—the courageous determination to enforce economy in public expenditure from the top downwards.

And *now*, if you please, Mr. Gillett—a Quaker, a man of business, and one who officially has cognizance of the state of our overseas trade—has this bright idea. A plague on all your parties!

The Air Minister.—Among the inspired prophecies of Lord Thomson's successor, the names of Lord Marley, Lord Gorell, and Lord Amulree predominated. The last named, a septuagenarian with a wonderful record of public service, has been chosen. Obviously it was necessary that the Air Minister should once more be a peer. But it surprised me that no one "backed" Commander Kenworthy for the post. There would be many precedents for the raising of a peer's heir to the peerage: e.g. Lord Irwin, who will one day succeed Lord Halifax, as Commander Kenworthy will succeed his father, Lord Strabolgi, the holder of that ancient, obscure, and long abeyant barony. And few back benchers have greater claims and qualifications for office under Mr. MacDonald's Government. Commander Kenworthy's brains, courage, energy, and ability are undoubted. Hansard reveals these qualities on innumerable pages. More than this, he was unexpectedly passed over when the great divide was shared out after the victory of Labour at the polls, and he has consistently concealed any hint of pique, treating the Government gently and considerately and not as a roaring back-bencher. His abilities, energy, and "pep" are admitted by the Opposition. His continued passing-over is in a minor degree a political mystery. Lord Amulree has no experience of politics nor of flying. He is a sound lawyer who will be well qualified for his first task, the inquiry into the disaster to *R 101*.

The Juggernaut Car.—The Motor Show is on us. You can buy a brand new 15-h.p. six-cylinder sunshine saloon, complete with every gadget useful or useless (capable of taking you up to Inverness and back at the average speed of 32 m.p.h. and at a total cost of £2 5s.), for just over £200. You can buy an entirely reliable closed-in family car, with a five-year expectation of efficiency, for £100 or so. Let us examine the history of this horseless carriage. It is a lively chapter. Thirty-four years ago the Motor Show contained six exhibits. These were not samples. They were the sum of the horseless carriages in existence in these islands. Twenty-five years ago the average number of motor-vehicles which passed the cross-roads in Fontmell Magna (Dorset) in a week of seventy-seven hours was two. In 1923 it was 3,969. In 1930 it was 18,000, excluding heavy motors and motor-cycles. In a brief quarter century the motor-car has come and conquered. It has revolutionized the whole of our social life, changed the face of the countryside, and killed the most firmly established monopoly in industry. The death of the railways was due to criminal negligence. Sir Arthur Stanley boldly told the railway magnates this open secret last week. The railway still excels all other transport in speed and comfort, has still a monopoly for heavy freight. But just as in old days lack of foresight omitted to secure road transport powers in railway charters, and over-confidence in a monopoly encouraged a disregard of the feelings and needs of the public, so now lack of enterprise is likely to prevent a resurrection. The railways need to advertize their advantages over motor-cars. There is room for both.

A SYMPTOM OF PROSPERITY: A general impression of the Motor Show at Olympia, where there is little evidence of the slump. Whatever shortage of money exists, there still seems plenty to spend on cars and all that thereunto belongs

Diamond Cut Diamond.—A sincere admirer of that great nation, I deplore the publicity given by the sensational Press of America to the doings of its blackguard gangsters. And it is not encouraging to the cause of Anglo-American friendship (or indeed the British taste) to find that the chief columns of clubland's morning and evening newspapers are devoted to sordid details in the careers of two such dirty blackguards as Diamond and Capone. The gangsters, given time and rope, exterminate each other, but so great is the evil that this process is too slow. America cannot afford to remain indefinitely the laughing-stock of civilization in the matter of law and order. Things, of course, are not as bad as the Purple Press paints them. You may live in Chicago without ever becoming conscious of the tyranny of racketeers. And you must find excuses for official failure to scotch the snake and for the shocking mixture of brutality and sentiment with which America handles her criminal population. Her difficulties are beyond our power to comprehend. The sole factor which is inexcusable is her national pride in the magnitude of the scandal. "Bigger and better murders" is something more than an apt hit at her sensationalism and misplaced pride. It is a profound truth that Americans have a sneaking pride in Capone's wealth and Diamond's blackness. These are world records and world records talk.

Newmarket in October.—There are few corners of England in which life is so pleasant (and outwardly so unchanged from the "good old days") as at Newmarket in October. The Cesarewitch draws all the racing world and many social stars who are not of the racing set like a magnet. For the King and Queen usually attend, and this year came over from Sandringham with many of the Royal Family to witness the Aga Khan's dazzling victory. If only all sections of Indians could so shrewdly estimate what they want and achieve their aims so quietly and neatly as does the Aga Khan! Newmarket has two strings to its bow in October—racing and partridges. Six Mile Bottom—that sporting paradise—lies a few miles south of the town on the London road, and here the other day Mr. Cunningham-Reid bagged nearly 750 brace of partridges, which is doubtless in the tradition so dear to the late Sir Ernest Cassel. Some may think this an excessive bag; for three reliefs of beaters leave the birds dead-beat before the day is half over, but the record was a favourite topic of conversation on the heath. There are a number of smaller places round Newmarket where last week on the racing bye-days bags of 300 brace (with perhaps 250 brace of the most sporting wild pheasants thrown in) were collected over those matchless fir-belts which make the country the shooter's paradise it is.

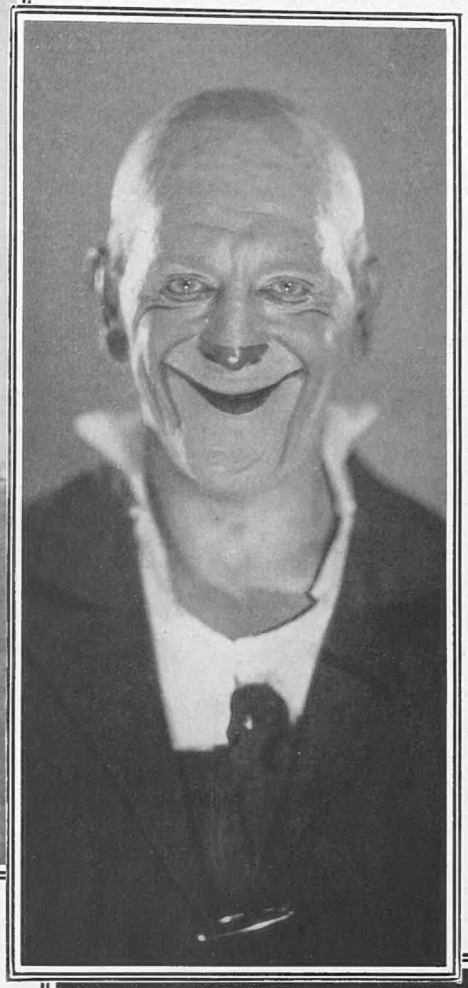
The Flight to Australia.—The spirits of the air are never left long victorious over the unconquerable spirits of man. Kingsford-Smith has cut down by half Mr. Hinkler's quite long-lived record of 15 days for a solo flight from England to Australia, a splendid triumph of pluck and endurance. His time of ten days would have very much surprised our great-great-grand-uncles who formed part of that famous expedition to Botany Bay which sailed in May 1787 and reached Australia in 8 months, or 250 days. But I daresay the Botany Bay Party—though notoriously ill-found—had the best of it in the way of comfort, and comparative freedom from boredom or nerve-strain. Anyway they got there and none now remembers to ask how long it took them to do it.

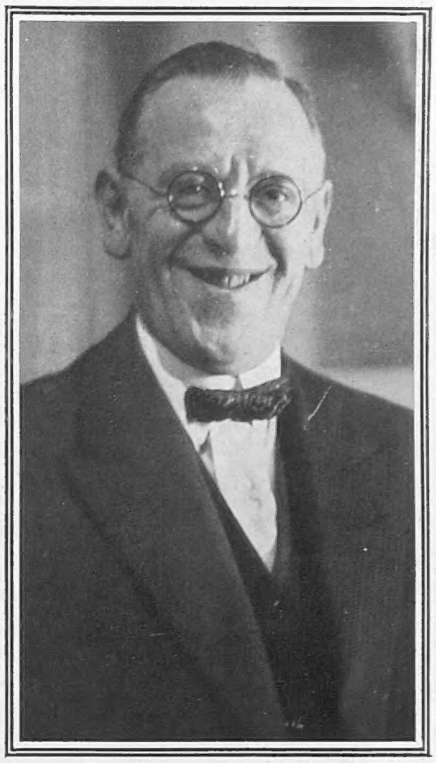
THE OLD STAGER

SMILING FACES

In the Week's News

THE EPOCH-MAKER: Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith, who knocked five days off Mr. Bert Hinkler's record flight of fifteen-and-a-half days to Australia. This intrepid aviator has flown the two great oceans—Atlantic and Pacific—and has now transcended his own achievements as well as those of other aeronauts. He averaged 1,000 miles a day





GROCK: The world-famous talented musician and comic genius, who has retired from the stage, as he is in private life. On left is Grock as he was known to his enthusiastic audiences

UNDERGRADUETTES BOTH: Mrs. Nettie Seely and her daughter, Miss Betty Clark Seely, attend the North-Western University together. Mrs. Seely is taking a general course in education, while the daughter is specializing in the "school of speech"—an elocution course. It is stated they help each other in college and out of it!

WEDDING AT ST. MARK'S: The Hon. John Scott Mackay, the son of Lord Mackay, and his bride, formerly Miss Betty Astley, daughter of Major and Mrs. Delaval Astley of Wroxham, who were married in the famous North Audley Street church last week

WELCOME IN TOKIO: The distinguished musician, Efrem Zimbalish, who visited Tokio to hold a series of five concerts, was greeted on his arrival by Mlle Toshiko Sekiya, a noted Japanese soprano

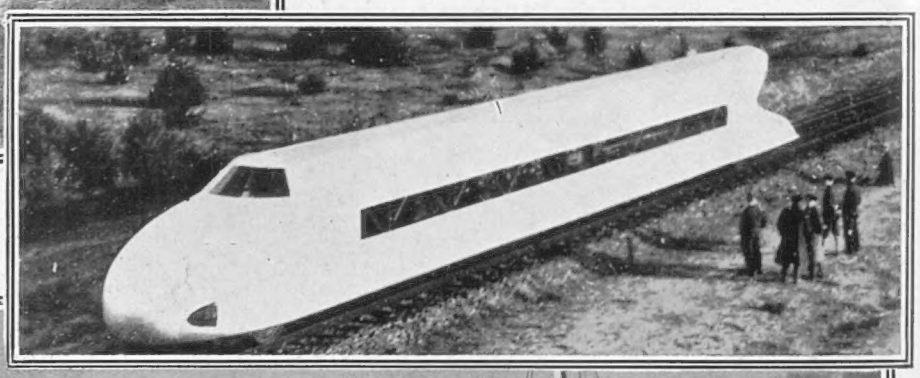
The WAY the WORLD GOES

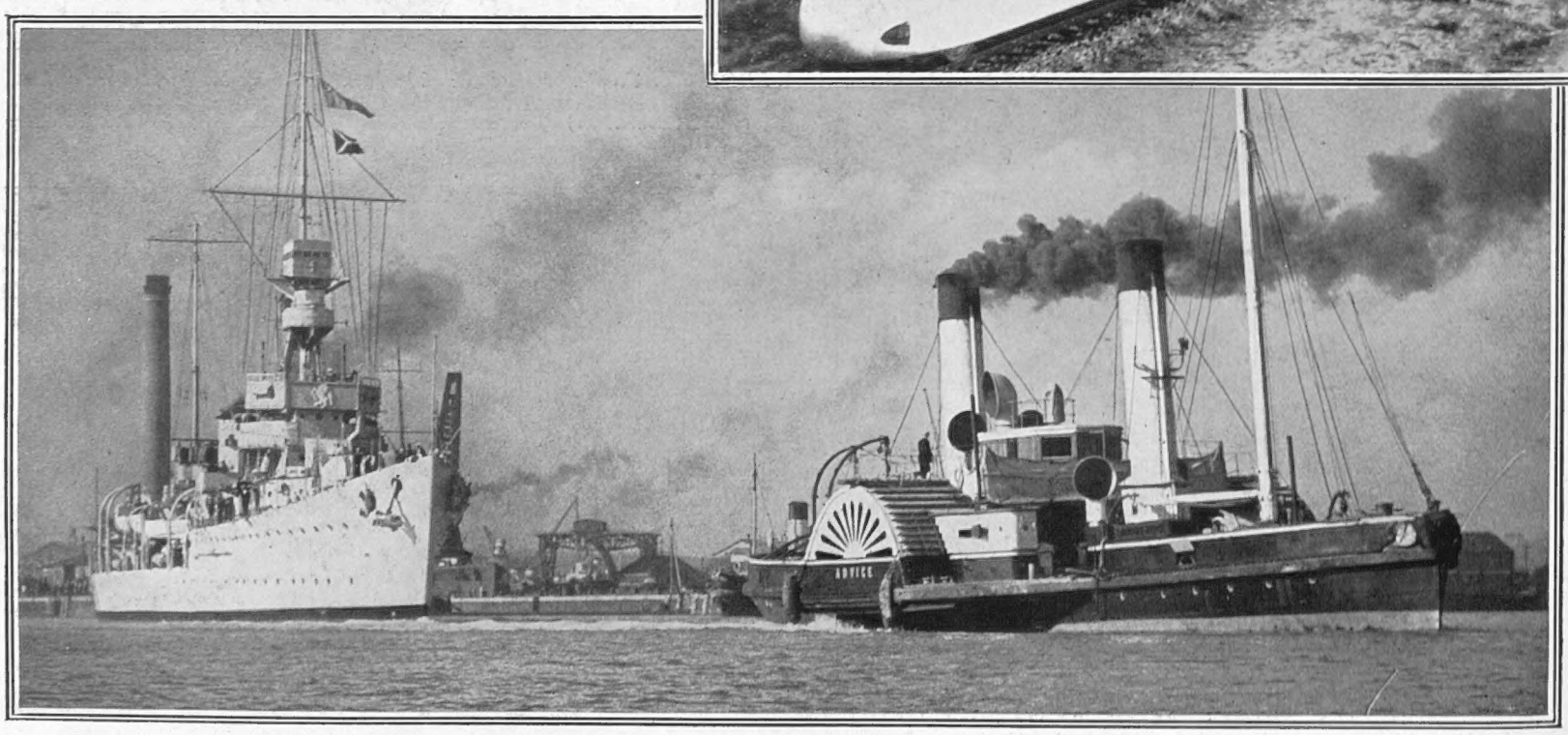
Modernity in Things Military, Naval, and Mobile

THE MECHANIZED ARMY: Delegates to the Imperial Conference watch a display and mimic battle in the Long Valley, Aldershot. The gigantic six-wheeler is seen above

NO BARRIER: Obstacles that held up for days a force not mechanized cannot restrain the modern army for a moment. The delegates to the Imperial Conference perceived the power of the newest tanks at the demonstration at Aldershot

THE DAGENHAM OFFENSIVE: Work in progress on a site left desolate for many years. A huge Ford motor factory has been established





A DOMINION CRUISER LEAVES FOR HOME: The cruiser *Diomede*, one of the two maintained by the Government of New Zealand, sailed from Chatham for Auckland on completion of the repairs she has undergone in the Dockyard. The cruiser is commanded by Captain H. J. C. de Meric of the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*. *Diomede* was towed out of Chatham by a paddle-steamer. *Inset above on right*—THE ZEPP ON RAILS: The first trial of this combination of an airship and an omnibus on rails was held between Hanover and Celle. It has a 4-winged propeller driven by a 500-h.p. motor. In 2 minutes the machine attained a speed of 93 m.p.h. and ran with great smoothness. As yet it is not well adapted to take curves, but the inventor is concentrating on the problem

MOMENTS in the METROPOLIS

DUMPING OF GRAIN: While news comes of starvation in Russia on the one hand, and of agricultural depression in England on the other, it is strange to see such a sight as this in the London docks—Russian wheat pouring into England. Soviet wheat is being dumped on country after country: Switzerland is making a determined move against receiving it

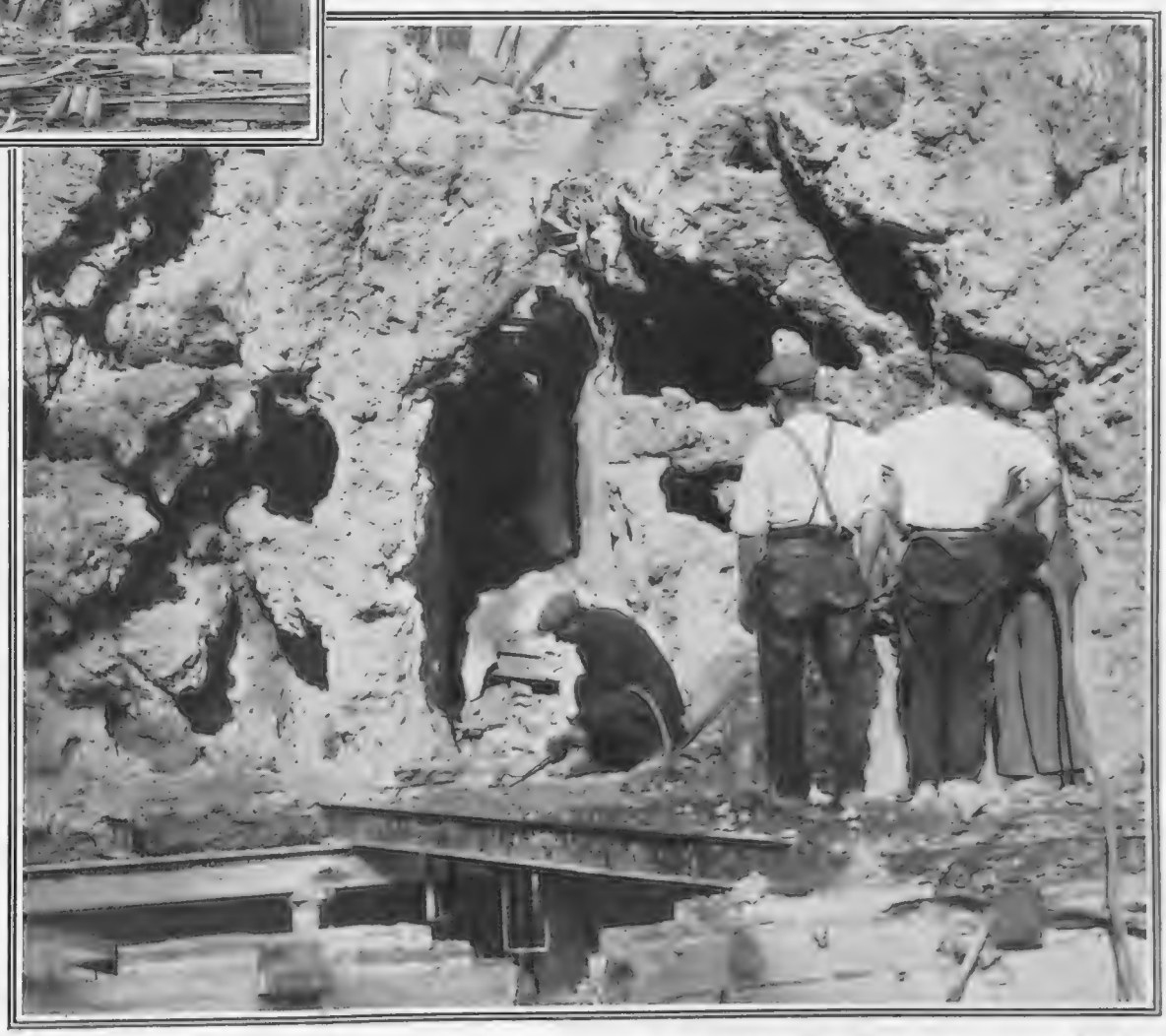
RUSSIAN WHEAT POURS INTO ENGLAND: Foreign grain discharged in a lighter

The Soviet wheat dumping campaign is here seen in actual operation at British ports. No organized plan to resist its importation here has been adopted, but Switzerland is making a strong effort to prevent supplies coming from Genoa, where the campaign is also making itself felt in Italy. The proclamation that has been issued throughout Switzerland stresses the moral aspect. It declares most emphatically that the Swiss people have no right whatever to accept wheat from the Soviet authorities whilst people in Russia itself are actually starving through lack of bread. A Bolshevist bureau with headquarters at Genoa has opened operations through agents distributed throughout the country, with the avowed intention of flooding the Italian markets. This year's harvest is estimated at 58,000,000 quintals (a bad year), and it will therefore be necessary for Italy to import some 19,000,000 quintals to meet her needs. Genoa Harbour is full of ships unloading Russian grain, and many grain ships are *en route* to and from the Black Sea. During the first half of the present month 325,000 quintals entered Genoa Harbour. This did not include grain importations made from Russia and entering Italy by rail from Switzerland.

* * *

Only a few short weeks ago the boards were put up in front of Aldford House, boards which marked it out finally and irretrievably as the next of the great Park Lane mansions to fall beneath the pick-axe of the house-breaker. Only a week ago it stood serene and apparently immutable in the autumn sunshine: now so sudden, so devastating in its swift transition, the walls are down, a few crumbling masses of stone, a few forlorn-looking iron girders, dust heaps, desolate rubble, broken arches, pathetic rubbish. Built about 1897 for Mr. Beit, the brother of Sir Otto Beit, Aldford House was designed by Eustace Balfour on rather unusual lines, being really three separate establishments, each arranged like a private suite with its own sitting-rooms, bedrooms, and bathrooms. It was, moreover, by order of the then Duke of Westminster restricted to a certain height, so that it always had more the appearance of a rambling country mansion than of a great London residence. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of it was the winter garden on the south side of the house; this was built of tufa stone, forming rockeries and sham grottos of enormous thickness, and had pavements of Pavanozza marble and a big fishpond. Bought from the Beits by the Right Hon. Freddie Guest, Aldford House was turned into a hospital for wounded officers during the War, now its name will no longer be known in London save as a block of super-luxury flats and ultra-expensive-looking shops; clouds of dust hover in the sunlit air above its ruins, while the tottering arches of the winter garden bring to one's mind the involuntary thought of submarine grottos, of a generation that has passed, a taste for lavish decoration and ornate curves that the modern mind finds impossible to assimilate, of a society that seems unbelievably far removed from the present day.

M. B.



DEMOLITION: The grotto of Aldford House, Park Lane, laid bare by the workmen. Passers-by in Park Lane have been vastly puzzled at the huge masses of concrete, brick, and rubble which the demolition of Aldford House, sometime home of the Beits and the Guests, has revealed. These Cyclopean remains once formed a *grotto* lit by electric light and decorated with ferns—a favourite after-dinner resort of the owners: it is giving the house-breakers a hard task. Inset above is the key-view showing the relation of the grotto to the Grosvenor House Hotel building

He CONQUERED *the* MIDDLE AGES

And Ras Taffari, who has just become King of Kings of Abyssinia, is Modernizing his Ancient Land. His Feat is a Tale of Incongruity —of Aeroplanes and Tanks versus Spears and Lances—of Intrigue and Plotting among these Descendants of Solomon and Sheba

By RUTH A. WEEKS

PART I

A modern King of Kings who has waged victorious war on the Middle Ages, which for centuries have held his Empire in their strangling, unrelenting grip, sits on the throne of Abyssinia to-day, and dreams of leading his people out of the throes of lethargy and barbarism.

He dreams of dams by which the head-waters of the Blue Nile may be spread regularly over thousands of arid acres of his land in North-east Africa. He dreams of broad highways radiating in every direction from Addis Ababa, his Empire's capital. He dreams of fleets of motor-trucks that will speed along those highways, bringing raw materials to the capital and returning through the verdant hills and valleys laden with modern goods the like of which his subjects have never yet seen or heard of. He dreams of passenger 'planes flying on regular schedule from the capital to the sea. In short, he dreams of a nation that can lift itself by its bootstraps to a place on the economic level of the Great Powers of modern Europe.

Emperor Ras Taffari, "King of Kings of Abyssinia, Conquering Lion of Judah, and the Elect of God," who dreams these dreams, is a practical dreamer. For years now he has been carrying on an unending war upon the Middle Ages—a war fought literally with lances and spears and swords and shields by the descendants of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Minor victories crowned his banners, but it was only two months ago that the forces of the Middle Ages were crumpled back upon themselves in a devastating defeat that seems to have swept all serious opposition away and to have set Ras Taffari securely upon his throne.

The story of his long war and its swift *dénouement* two months ago in a series of some of the most dramatic events that have ever been caught on the pages of history seems almost too fantastic to be true.

It is a story of revolution and bloodshed—of a deposed Emperor guarded by three rings of soldiers, each group set to spy upon the other; of an Empress and her Regent, and their struggle for mastery; of the triumph of the Regent and his coronation as King while the jealous Empress, with most of her power gone, still sat upon her throne.

It is a story of intrigue—of the Empress plotting with her divorced husband against her Government and against the man who had seized her power; of arms being shipped from her palace armoury to aid the rebel cause.

It is a story of anachronism—of a rebel host of medieval warriors, armed with spears, swords, and shields, marching in revolt upon the capital; of aeroplane machine-gunners and bombers swooping down to spray death upon them.

But more than all is it a story of the rise to power of Ras Taffari and of his war upon the Middle Ages—and it is the story of his visions for the future of his medieval land.

The story had its beginning back in 1916, when Ras Taffari made the first important move in his campaign. The revolution of that year had deposed the Emperor, Lij Yaser. Zauditu, daughter of a former Emperor, Menelik, was chosen as Empress after she had divorced her fourth and last husband, Ras Guksa. The divorce was the result of political pressure—Ras Guska, not being of Royal blood, could not become Emperor. This situation necessitated the appointment of a Regent—and here Ras Taffari, grand-nephew of the same Menelik, saw his chance. He arranged to have himself named. That was his first trump card.

Taffari's power grew through the years. Daily the contest between him and the Empress Zauditu for control of the reins of government grew more acute—and, in October, 1928, after a dramatic and sensational stroke by Ras Taffari, she had to consent to his being crowned King of Shoa, the nation's chief province. She was still the Empress, but constantly Taffari undermined her power. Jealous, the Empress began plotting with her divorced husband. And as a result a rebel army, with Ras Guksa at its head, marched upon the capital during the early months of this year.

Ras Taffari sought at first to bring this revolution to a peaceful end by negotiation and compromise. But Ras Guksa remained arrogant and unyielding. He issued an ultimatum that Taffari must give up the throne to Lij Yaser, who had been deposed as Emperor in 1916.

Taffari smiled a wry smile and began concentrating his troops in the Province of Tigré, 200 miles north-east of the capital. When he had brought together a nondescript army of 20,000 men he sent his Minister of War, Dajetchmatch Molla Cheta, the "complete master," to take command in the field.

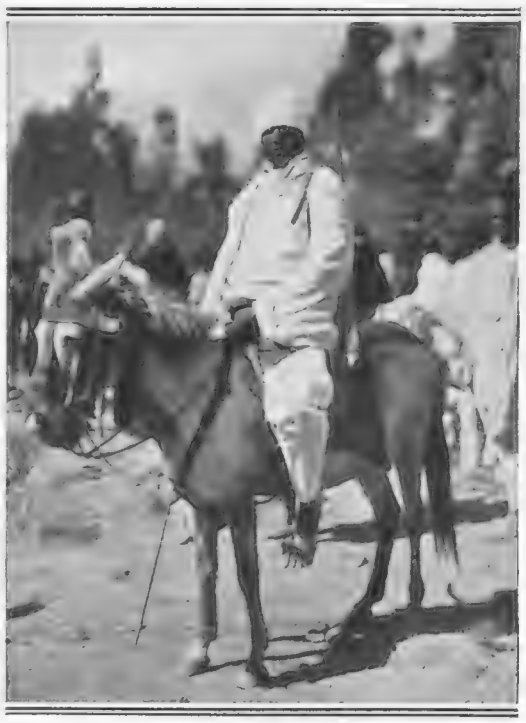
Ras Guksa was advancing into Tigré by forced marches from his stronghold at Gondar, hoping to rout the King's forces by a surprise attack. Molla Cheta got word of this and went out to meet him. Daily they grew nearer, and nightfall on the last day of March found the scouts of the opposing hordes in contact with each other at Debra Zebit, about seventy miles east of Lake Tsana. The arch-rebel and the "complete master" arrayed their cohorts in battle order and made plans for the morrow. Retainers and vassals grouped themselves about the standards of their knights and feudal chieftains; for at daybreak, with the sound of trumpet and amidst the clash of sword and lance, would be waged a conflict reminiscent of the battles of past centuries. But into Abyssinia, remote as it is from the rest of the world, had recently come strange and powerful engines of war unknown to the knights and warriors of Ras Guksa. Three French pursuit 'planes had hastily been acquired, and with the Frenchman, André Maillet, chief pilot of the Imperial Abyssinian Air Force, in command, they had been rushed into the fray.

At dawn on April 1 Maillet and his war birds appeared in the heavens above the rebel camp. Swooping down from a height of 3,000 ft., they flew directly over the headquarters of Ras Guksa, hurling bombs and spraying death with machine-guns. The arch rebel was surrounded by a brilliant escort of mounted warriors. Their scarlet tunics and plumed head-dresses made excellent targets. Ras Guksa was fatally wounded; the nest of machine-guns with which the arch rebel had hoped to demoralize his enemy was destroyed by a bomb, and the rebel army, dodging the great green monsters of the air, scattered in hopeless confusion.

Down upon them came the "complete master" at the head of the king's forces—and by nightfall 10,000 dead were strewn over the battlefield. No quarter was given and no prisoners were taken among those who disputed the power and authority of the king. Only 300 of Taffari's men were killed. It was an overwhelming victory.

After the first swift attack of the warriors of the sky and the resulting consternation in the rebel ranks, the 'planes landed in an adjoining field. Mechanics leaped out and, in accordance with ancient Abyssinian custom, dismembered Ras Guksa's body. The head was brought to Maillet and again the war birds took to the air.

On that eventful morning Addis Ababa was quietly celebrating a religious festival in the church of St. George. The nobles, who proudly trace their lineage directly to King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, had gone early to church, surrounded by their retinues.



Ewing Galloway

A WARRIOR OF ETHIOPIA: One of the typical military men whom Ras Taffari is educating from the spear to the rifle, from the horse to the tank

Services over, they had set out in the rain for the Palace of the Empress—for there was uneasiness in the air and the hint of important news. Suddenly a rumour ran through the city like an electric shock; becoming more garbled and contradictory as it spread. And then the cannon before the Palace of the Empress boomed eleven times.

In this land, living as it does in the Middle Ages, every male able to bear arms is a soldier of the King or of some powerful baron. So with the cannon's boom every male in Addis Ababa grabbed his gun, his spear, or his sword and ran to the Palace of the King. Contradictory reports ran about—the rebels had reached the city; the Empress had been murdered; the King had gone to her palace to imprison her as the chief agent of the revolutionary party.

Women and children disappeared from the streets and shut themselves up in their straw-thatched *tukuls*. Shops were hurriedly closed, and peasants from the country who had brought their produce to market fled to cover or joined the palace-bound throngs, leaving their belongings behind them. Looting commenced in the bazaars, and the iron gates of the Legations and the homes of foreigners banged shut.

The rocky, uneven streets of the rambling capital became packed with milling, shouting crowds of barefooted figures clad in white *shammas*, resembling Roman togas, and armed with every conceivable weapon, from curved scimitar and rhinoceros-hide shield to the most modern of army repeating-rifles. Great and petty chieftains in brilliant garments and on gaily-caparisoned mules raced to the great space before the Palace with their retainers.

There the news spread among the excited mob that the King's aviators had drenched the battlefield at Debra Zebit with death, that the rebel chieftain, Ras Guksa, "General of the First Line," had been killed. Then came another report. The *feranji* (foreign) aviator was bringing the head of the revolutionary leader to the capital in his aeroplane.

The crowd in its thousands rushed headlong to the race-course, which also serves as the capital's air-port. His Majesty, King Taffari, left his palace in his big green automobile and headed toward the field, the shrieking siren opening up a wide path for his passage. Behind him, but soon out-distanced, pattered his bodyguard leading his cloth-of-gold bedecked mule and bearing his guns, his sword, his sceptre, and his buckler in their brilliant velvet casings.

A 'plane was circling overhead and gracefully manœuvred to a landing. André Maillet stepped out and was led over to where the King had mounted a hastily-erected dais of rich carpets and silken hangings in front of the makeshift hangars. Under a red silk parasol hung with gold fringe Maillet received from the hand of His Majesty, surrounded by the dignitaries of Church and State, the Order of Menelik and a gift of 50,000 francs. Then, and not until then, did Maillet make a discovery. He had brought with him a souvenir of the battle—a bullet from the enemy had shattered his revolver.

The simple ceremony ended, the King crossed the field in his car at a snail's pace, the red parasol held over him seeming to float over the heads of the crowd. Not a shout or a cheer came from the tens of thousands assembled. Only the muffled rustle of their *shammas*, the patter of their bare feet, and the rattle of their weapons.

Throughout the ceremony the Empress Zauditu remained in her palace. She had been the centre of the reactionary religious element since her enthronement. The Ethiopian clergy had always been her advisers. And as their power will be at an end when their subjects become more enlightened, it was to their advantage to stand against Taffari's progressive measures. Their standard-bearer was the Empress, who spent much of her time in prayer and fasting.

Steadily since his coronation Ras Taffari had shorn her of her power. One by one he replaced the Ministers and Councillors of the Empress with men of his own following. Only a few were left to Her Imperial Majesty, and the most powerful of these had been Ras Guksa.

The fact that Zauditu was backing Guksa in his rebellion had been known to the King for some time. Arms from the Empress's palace armoury had been sent, and money as well. So now, on the evening of April 1, the whole of Addis Ababa was asking itself, "What will the King do with the Empress? He has all the cards in his hand; how will he play them?"

The next day, April 2, the startling, unbelievable news leaked out—the Empress was dead!

It looked like suicide or worse. But again the truth sifted itself out of a hundred rumours. During the previous week, as disaster had hovered over her forlorn hope in Gondar, Zauditu had been ill and despondent. She took cold, yet insisted upon praying all night in her cold, damp chapel. The news of Guksa's death and the annihilation of the rebel troops came as a bombshell. Heaped upon this her religious adviser advised her to bring about a good omen by bathing in holy water. This resulted in the rapid development of pneumonia, from which she died during the night.

(Concluded in Next Issue)

The Resurrection of Rome

Late News from the Antiquities of Italy

THE POET OF THE GOLDEN AGE: The statue of Publius Vergilius Maro in the wall of a house on the Piazza Broletto, Mantua

The Virgilian celebrations proceeding in Naples were marked by two ceremonies, the first of which was the reconsecration of Virgil's tomb in the presence of the military and civil authorities. Signor Giuliano, Minister for Education, gave an address at the foot of the Columbarium in which the poet rests. The tomb which, a few years ago, threatened to collapse for want of proper attention, has now been reinforced and completely restored. The second ceremony was the performance of Greek dances in the Sibyl's Grotto at Cumae. Only a year or so ago visitors to Cumae could merely look down a dark shaft to see workmen busily employing their axes, and were laconically told "This is the grotto from which the Sibyl spoke her prophecies." Now the grotto has been rendered accessible by the untiring work of Professor Maiuri, Superintendent of Excavations in the Campagna

Inset on right—*is the Copy of Virgil's work with Marginalia by Petrarch, a treasure of the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, Milan*

HONOUR TO VIRGIL: A scene during the celebrations at Cumae in honour of the bi-millenary of the Augustan poet. Signor Balbino Giuliano, the Minister for National Education, and other officials were present including a representative of King Victor Emmanuel

NERO'S BARGE LEAVES LAKE NEMI: One of the galleys of Caligula, which has been brought to light by Signor Mussolini's enthusiasm, has been laid on beams of iron and wood and hauled 100 yards away from the crumbling edge of the lake

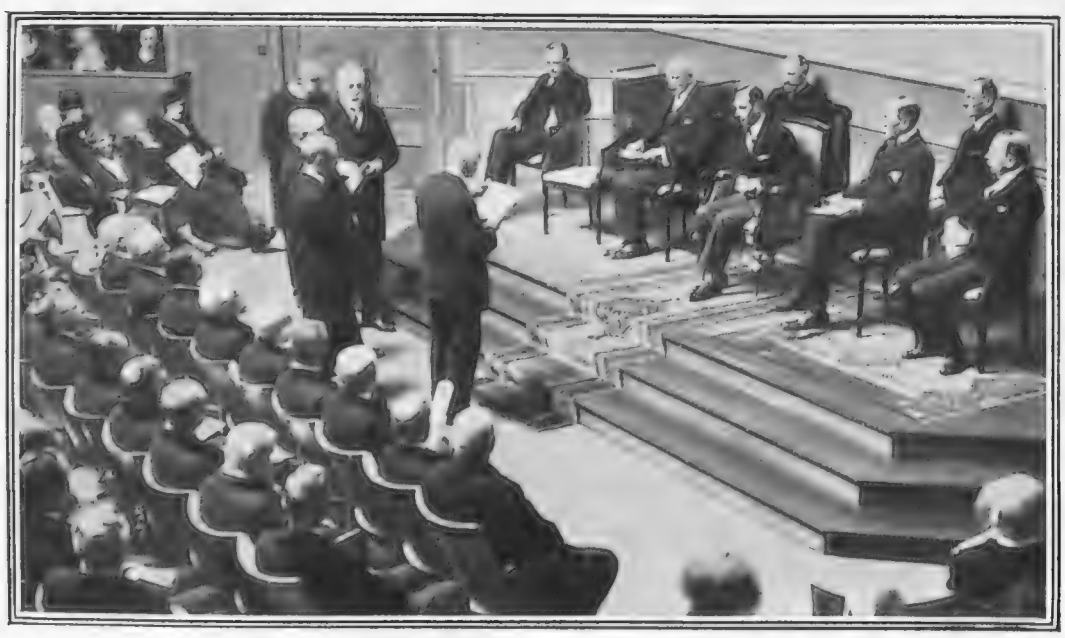
A LAST LOOK ROUND

THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG THE FISHER-GIRLS: Last Tuesday H.R.H. paid a visit to Yarmouth, where he opened the Haven Bridge. The Prince is seen above passing through a crowd of cheering fisher-girls to board the steam-drifter, East Holme

MARRIED IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL: The Marquess of Graham, son and heir of the Duke of Montrose, and Miss Isobel Sellar, who were married on Monday. Some of the guests were brought from Arran by special steamer to the mainland

Picture by the special "Sphere" process

POMONA: *M. Anton Dolin and Mlle Anna Ludmilla in the ballet held at the Cambridge Theatre by the Camargo Society last Sunday night and Monday afternoon, a function at which the intelligentsia of London was present in force. This opening production was a great success. Two big ballets*—Robert the Devil, *by Meyerbeer, and* Pomona *(a moment from which is seen above), by Constant Lambert—and many* divertissements *were given. The next Camargo performance will be held in January*



THE DUKE OF YORK OPENS THE NEW HALL OF THE R.G.S.: H.R.H. in the chair at the reception of the foreign delegates, some of whom are addressing him. The centenary celebrations of the Royal Geographical Society at Kensington Gore were started by the opening of the new hall. Mr. Douglas Freshfield has compiled a special historical volume dealing with the Society's history

PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE COMES TO TOWN: The fifth lady in the land in the arms of her nurse, takes the metropolitan air in preparation for the christening ceremony at Buckingham Palace

HUNGARY Awaits a HABSBURG KING

And Ex-Empress Zita, temperamentally a Bourbon, who "has learned nothing and forgotten nothing," is ready in every way to supply the need. Europe, however, is divided in its opinion

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

The Chancellories of post-War Europe do not usually notice the birthdays of ex-royalties. But an exception to the rule will occur on that day in November when Otto, the Habsburg heir, comes of legal age.

He does not look much like high explosive—the slender student in French clothes and béret. But, then, did Franz Ferdinand? A bullet in the big neck artery finished the bulky archduke that fatal day in Sarajevo. The Imperial house of the Habsburgs thereby lost an heir presumptive it had never liked anyway. However, it required the blood of 20,000,000 men to atone for that killing. Otto, living, has a significance not much less sinister.

He is the last hope of the Habsburg clan. That would not matter so much if Hungary had rid herself of a hated royal house and turned with enthusiasm to republican institutions. But the contrary is the case.

Hungary, stripped of two-thirds of her territory and 60 per cent. of her population, half her industrial plants, her salt mines, coal, cattle, forests, water-power, three-fourths of her railways, and with her capital deliberately placed within big gun-range of the frontier of one of her despoilers—Hungary, desperate and infuriated, wants a king. Her throne is only in cold storage. The new masters of Hungary abolished the republic after the collapse of Bela Kuhn's Red Dictatorship in 1920, and reconstructed the monarchical constitution as it had been before the revolution of November, 1918. Otto is the legitimate heir.

THE PREMIER: Count Bethlen, the skilful handler of men and situations, with the portrait just painted of him by Geza de Hoffmann

Even this would not matter so much if Otto were alone and uninfluenced, for he is a boy, and even if he had developed a king-complex, he could be cured of it. But he has a mother, Zita.

A formidable woman, narrow-browed, black-eyed, white-faced, embittered, concentrated, tenacious, with a family tradition of intrigue. She dominated her husband, the ill-fated young emperor, Karl, in his life. She went through terrible days with him when the monarchy was crumbling in Vienna and Budapest, and the last loyal troops deserted them, so that their apartments in the palace at Schonbrunn were left unguarded. She fled with him to the royal hunting-box in the Danube meadows below Vienna. She stiffened his back when the national assembly turned republican, Tisza was shot in his villa, revolt broke out, and Karolyi, the "Red Count" pressed for the emperor's abdication.

Obstinate to the last, she opposed not only formal abdication, but even the renunciation of the conduct of Government although the whole Empire was crashing about her ears. Werkmann, the Emperor's *attaché*, records that when the matter was being debated between Karl and Zita while the Ministers waited in the anteroom, Zita exclaimed, "I would rather fall with you here. For then Otto would succeed. And if we fall—there are other Habsburgs!"

It was only when the proud and stubborn woman was convinced that legitimist principles would not be violated that she allowed Karl to sign, and saw the Habsburg black-and-yellow flag replaced by the red-white-red flag of the republic on the flag-poles.

Zita believed that the recognition of the right of the people to decide the future form of the State would bring back the monarchy in a few weeks. An error. She saw Karolyi fall and Bela Kuhn rise; then Bela Kuhn destroyed, and the Rumanians march in and occupy the country for four months; then the White counter-revolutionaries, led by Bethlen and Admiral Horthy lead a national army up from Szeged, abolish the republic, reconstitute Hungary as a kingdom, and in the absence of a monarch hand the royal prerogatives over to Nicolas Horthy, as regent, and the cabinet.

Zita feared the new masters of Hungary would confront the Habsburg legitimists with a *fait accompli* in the shape of Albrecht or some other Habsburg as king. She would not wait. Karl, egged on, made two crazy attempts to seize the throne. Both failed, and after the second the alarmed Governments of Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia (representing three of the four quarters into which the Allies carved the Austro-Hungarian Empire after the War), and France tried to make the Hungarians enact a law debarring members of the Habsburg family from the throne for ever.

THE REGENT "EN FAMILLE": Admiral and Mrs. Horthy with their grandchild Zsofika Horthy — a picture taken by the Admiral's son, Nicholas

The law the Hungarians did pass deprived the Emperor Charles of his rights to the throne, annulled the fundamental law governing the right of succession, and recovered for the nation the right freely to elect its king. But there is nothing in this law to stop the nation from electing a Habsburg king if it wishes.

Zita, living in exile, in Madeira, in Funchal, in Lequeitto in Spain, in Switzerland, continued to suffer anguish. Her son was a boy; the masters of Hungary—the Government and the great majority of Parliament—desired to placate the outside world by electing a king outside the direct line of Zita and Charles; the rich, ambitious mother of the Archduke Albrecht was lavishing huge sums to advance the claims of her son to the throne; Bethlen favoured Albrecht, as a Habsburg who would captivate the Hungarian people and be acceptable to Hungary's neighbours; Gömbös (the present War Minister) was actively working for him, and Mussolini was attracted by the idea of making Albrecht King of Hungary.

Matters got as far as a conference in Rome between Count Bethlen and Mussolini to discuss a diplomatic deal involving a marriage between Albrecht and King Victor Emmanuel's twenty-year-old daughter, Princess Giovanna. The idea was that after the marriage Albrecht should be made Palatine, or king's deputy, Horthy being retired with the thanks of Parliament, a pension, and privileges. Then, when the international situation permitted, Albrecht could be duly elected king.

The scheme fell through partly because Albrecht, then living in Hungary, would not play his rôle with sufficient ardour, partly because Horthy and the Legitimists opposed it, but largely because France stuck her finger in this pie. Italy, feverishly working on her war machine, was in no position just then to challenge France and Jugoslavia openly.

Albrecht has now definitely retired. His marriage at a Brighton registry office to an American *divorcée* put him out of the running. Marriages of this sort are quite a Habsburg tradition.

THE REGENT ON DUTY: Admiral Horthy in full uniform at a recent Hungarian festival

The ex-Empress is left alone in the field. Knowing what she does, and being the woman she is, she does not propose to allow her son either to shrug and yield to fate like his cousins and uncles, Rainer, Leopold, Wolfling, Stephan, Leopold Salvator, and the rest, or destroy his prospects of succession by a love-match like the Archduke Albrecht. She counts upon Italy to help her. She may not count in vain.

Mussolini has been busy mining under the French fortress system east of the Italian boot ever since he seized the helm of the Italian State and control of 40,000,000 of people. He has two quite definite objectives: the African colonies of France as an outlet for Italy's surplus population and a reservoir of raw material (France's population is stationary while Italy's increases at the rate of 500,000 a year, and she has no coal, no iron, no oil), and the Dalmatian coast across the Adriatic which Italy was promised in return for her War effort on the Allied side, but cheated of partly by President Wilson and his self-determination principle, but mainly because this aggrandisement of Italy did not by any means suit French policy.

In pursuance of his policy Mussolini has made a treaty of friendship and arbitration with Hungary which gives her, besides certain economic advantages, an outlet to the sea through Fiume. Any accession of strength in Hungary, abutting on Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Czecho-Slovakia, means a corresponding weakening in the Little Entente fabric, which in turn means a new crack started in the elaborate fabric the French have raised to preserve their predominance in Versailles Europe.

A king back in the huge old royal palace topped by the red and gold crown of St. Stephen—a Habsburg again on the Magyar throne—this would give the Hungarian people a rallying point and suit Mussolini's book.

But Horthy still inhabits the royal palace, and across the way lives Count Bethlen, the man from Transylvania, the big-game hunter and erstwhile athlete who has been premier longer than any other Minister in Europe.

Bethlen is the key for the time being to the Hungarian puzzle. He knows how to juggle with the three rival groups—his own party, the Radicals, and the Royalists—and manœuvre them to his own advantage. He has differences of a personal character with Admiral Horthy, but if a restoration coup threatens, these two may sink their differences in order to save themselves; although whether they would combine to keep a Habsburg out, or to assist him with a graceful bow to the throne and suggest that bygones should be bygones, is a question which probably neither of them could answer at this moment.

France meantime is still the strongest military Power in Europe. Jugoslavia, under her king-dictator, is heavily armed and in no mood to stand any nonsense. Rumania, with Carol back, is not likely to stand by idly and see any movement develop in Hungary which threatens to dispossess her of Transylvania.

War experts, going over the Italian naval and air programme and examining the war plan under which the whole Italian State, women and capital included, is conscripted in time of war, reckon that Mussolini will not be ready to back any adventure which threatens war with France and her allies until 1935, when also Mussolini counts on Germany being ready to start something, and on Bulgaria, financially tied up with Italy, being able to lend a hand.

Zita has had experiences which ought to have taught her patience. She will need all of that quality she possesses one suspects unless something goes very wrong in Hungary, or an unexpected spark falls into the European magazine.

"I WAS CRUCIFIED"

A Searching Commentary on the Play "The Passing of the Essenes," Founded on "The Brook Kerith" by George Moore, in which the Staggeringly Blasphemous Thesis is Propounded that Jesus, though Crucified, Did Not Die Upon the Cross, but Lingered with the Shepherd Colony on the Outskirts of Jerusalem. The Historical Justification for this Theory is Criticized Below

By FRANK MORISON

(Author of "Who Moved the Stone?")

The Brook Kerith is a very beautiful book, written with the sure, though delicate touch of a master of English prose. It belongs unquestionably to the literature about Jesus. I do not think however that it can in any sense be regarded as history; indeed, I should imagine that Mr. Moore himself would probably be the last to make that claim for it. It presents a vivid and unforgettable picture of the world's greatest Teacher, as seen by an observer with an unusual frame of reference, and for that reason it will necessarily affect other people differently.

In a recent pronouncement upon the play Mr. Moore describes briefly how he came to write the story:

> "As a good deal of doubt (he says) seems to have existed in Jerusalem at the time if Jesus really died on the Cross, I availed myself of these ancient doubts to represent Him in *The Brook Kerith* as an old shepherd returning from the toil of the hills to live the last years of His life with the brethren. On the same night Paul of Tarsus escapes from the Jews, who would have stoned him in Jericho, and finds refuge in the cavern of the Essenes."

Thus Jesus and Paul, those "twain principalities and powers," as Mr. Moore calls them, came together under the Syrian stars.

That is an intensely dramatic situation. Did Jesus really die upon the Cross, or did some faithful follower rescue Him at the last moment from the abyss of eternity, restore Him to health, and thus give to His life a sort of clandestine, unrecorded, historical continuance? The question is one which has been pondered deeply by some of the world's acutest thinkers from the time of Origen to our own day.

On the main issue I am afraid that Mr. Moore has against him practically the entire weight of ancient and modern scholarship. Professor Kirsopp Lake, whose book, *The Historical Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ*, is a classic discussion of the whole problem, thinks so poorly of the hypothesis as to omit all detailed reference to it. He concentrates on the far more deadly hypothesis (so fully discussed in my book *Who Moved the Stone?*) that the women were *mistaken* in the dim morning light, and that the body really lay in an adjacent tomb.

The Rev. P. Gardner-Smith, another recent modernist writer, says, "The theory has no present importance." Dr. W. J. Sparrowe-Simpson, whose monumental study, *The Resurrection and Modern Thought*, is a standard work, says, "This is the school of rationalistic romance. Detailed criticism would be superfluous. Probably no living person could be induced to credit it."

Renan declared the hatred of the enemies of Christ to be sufficient guarantee of the reality of death. Reville rejected the whole suggestion as "un tissu d'invraisemblances materielles et morales."

To these strongly expressed views must be added the weighty judgment of the distinguished German critic, Strauss.

Thus the historians, almost without exception, reject the basic assumption of the book in the most decisive fashion. Mr. Moore, however, in the passage which I have quoted above, says that "as a good deal of doubt seems to have existed in Jerusalem at the time" he availed himself of "these ancient doubts." What exactly does that mean?

Now there can be little doubt in the mind of any impartial student of the literature that directly the question of the Resurrection of Jesus was seriously raised in Jerusalem the problem as to what happened after the Crucifixion, and later at the tomb of Joseph, became the subject of a very fierce controversy. We have only to read the apocryhal documents—in particular, the "Peter" fragment and the Acts of Pilate—to realize that every conceivable taunt and accusation which it was possible to level at the Christians was actually employed. In the echoes of these distant controversies the name of Joseph of Arimathea is frequently involved, and on the Christian side a pretty obvious attempt was made to prove that, for physical reasons, he could have had no part or lot in it.

But throughout these early documents there runs the curious and persistent assumption that it was the *body* of Jesus, and not the living person, which was the matter at issue. It was the *body* of "the Fatherless" which Judas was supposed to have taken from His grave and to have "hidden in my garden, and led a waterbrook over the place." It was the *body* which the disciples were accused of stealing. It was the *body* which Pilate was picturesquely described as discovering in a neighbouring well. In no authentic document of admittedly early date is it even remotely suggested that Jesus was humanly saved on the nearer side of death. This striking unanimity among voices otherwise so various is very impressive.

But the real grounds for the ultimate dismissal of Mr. Moore's hypothesis lie elsewhere. An historical theory has to be judged, not by its general plausibility but by its power to withstand the historic strain which has to be placed upon it.

Judged by this test Mr. Moore's reconstruction cannot, and in my opinion will not, stand. We have to think of the Jesus of the Crucifixion living an unmolested life, possibly incognito, amid the Judean hills, just at the time when the whole raging controversy about the Resurrection was rending Jerusalem. We have to remember that the direction of that tornado was *centrifugal*, driving with irresistible force from its centre in Jerusalem to the limits of the Roman world. We have to think of Paul, Peter, and the other apostles carrying that burning message to Syria, to Asia Minor, to Greece, and to Rome, while all the time the Shepherd of Mr. Moore's imagining was living, not wholly in seclusion, within less than forty miles of the city. Can we reconcile those facts?

Yet, when we come to think of it we have to face ultimately an even more devastating thought. I said in my book *Who Moved the Stone?* that Jesus was "a great hater of shams and hypocrisies and futile boasts." I believe that estimate will stand. Let us try very reverently to put ourselves in His place.

It is generally agreed that, within seven weeks of the Crucifixion at most, the Christians were preaching the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus within the walls of Jerusalem. They preached it consistently for four years until Saul of Tarsus descended upon them in fury and sought to wipe them out. Throughout this time the Shepherd of the Brook of Kerith was living almost within sight of that robber's road from Jericho which He had helped to make immortal.

Would He have stood for the deception? I think not. I seem to see a vision of one of those Christian meeting places being surprised suddenly one evening by the electrifying entrance of a familiar figure, a little older perhaps, but possessed by the old consuming fire. And the words He seems to speak are very familiar:

> "Hypocrites! — For ye are like unto whited sepulchres which outwardly appear beautiful but inwardly are full of dead men's bones."

I have said that Mr. Moore's reconstruction is a very beautiful story, but beyond that it is of the fabric of a dream.

EINSTEIN *is* BAFFLED

The Greatest Mathematician in the World Puzzled by the Psychic Science of an Amateur Caligraphic Expert

There is probably no man living to whom the exact laws of science are more sacred than they are to Einstein, or any man who has less regard for the mystical or occult methods of reaching conclusions, yet even Einstein was properly dumbfounded not long ago by a bank clerk who makes a hobby of reading character by handwriting. The clerk, who is twenty-seven years old, is Otto Reiman, a Czech, who has been displaying remarkable powers in character reading.

At a demonstration Einstein was asked to write something which the young clerk could use as a medium of operation. Einstein took a paper out of his pocket and wrote: "I do not believe individuals possess any unique gifts. I only believe there exists on the one hand talent and on the other hand developed qualities." The paper was taken up to the young man.

It happened to be a gathering of scientists who were putting the young man to the test. They listened curiously for his analysis of Einstein's writing, for the character reader had no idea who had written the sentences.

He was apparently grossly in error in his conclusions. He described a weak character with leanings towards the stage. Einstein probably grinned. But, however, someone discovered that Einstein had written his sentences on the back of a letter written to him by a second-class theatrical manager. Thereupon the bank clerk turned the paper over and described Einstein to a nicety. He said he had the ability to concentrate at his work, that he played the violin and that during his playing he frequently laid aside his instrument to jot down the solution of a mathematical problem, that he was kind-hearted and was frequently imposed upon, and that he knew he was imposed upon, that he reached his conclusions partly by intuition and that he filled in the steps of logical analysis afterwards.

Einstein was amazed and dumbfounded and invited the young man to his home that he might have the opportunity of investigating his powers. Before he left the hall he said: "I would prefer to say that everything I saw here to-day was a swindle, but I cannot do that. I am very much bewildered."

Einstein is one of those men who are seldom known to the public by their first names. There is only one Einstein to the public. His name, however, is Albert Einstein, and he is a German-Swiss physicist. He was born just over fifty years ago of Jewish parents in Wurttemberg. His father owned electro-technical works. Later his parents moved to Switzerland.

THE GENIUS OF RELATIVITY: Professor Albert Einstein

The progress of the natural sciences in this century owe much of their advance, which has been swift and spectacular, to his amazing powers of analysis. His greatest contribution to science is the theory of relativity. He had progressed so far in his speculations on this theory of the nature of the Universe that it became known in 1905, when he was only twenty-six. It was thought, of course, to be fantastic and absurd. However, by 1912 it was accepted in Germany, and by 1913 a special position had been created for him as Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Physical Institute at Berlin, and he was also elected a member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, and, most important of all, given a salary and freedom to do as he liked. By 1921 his theory had been so generally accepted that he was awarded the Nobel Prize at the age of forty-two.

Einstein is still at his post in Berlin and still has ahead of him, in the natural course of events, at least twenty years of mature thinking and analysis. What he may achieve in the years ahead no one, not even the clever occult bank clerk, can predict.

ART of the HITTITES

Examples of the Culture of the Ancient and Martial Race Gleaned from the Tell Halaf, Syria, by

Freiherr Max von Oppenheim

THE SUN BIRD: One of the great statues unearthed at the Tell Halaf Temple. This bird may be identifiable with the Phœnix legend, or may derive from a solar cult. The Hittite religion was based upon primitive Anatolian cults, giving prominence to the worship of the Earth mother and a sky god, Teshub, the counterpart in the Near East of the Norse god Thor

THE DISCOVERER: Max, Freiherr von Oppenheim, whose friendship with the Bedouins, and whose knowledge both of Islamic psychology and Islamic language enabled him to locate these astonishing Hittite relics

GODS OF THE HITTITES: From left to right—a giant lion, a lioness, and a griffin. The race, once believed to be of Mongolian stock, owing to certain marked, characteristic, and persistent features. Later research, however, proves that such traits are more indicative of upland dwellers elsewhere, and the present theory is that they are of Caucasian blood. The art manifests the transmission of ideas both from and to Southern Mesopotamia, and the pre-Hellenic Ægean. The Far-Eastern contacts established by the Hittites are shown, *inter alia*, in the pigtails, upturned shoes, and four-wheeled carts recorded in their art

THE SCORPION MAN BIRD: Max, Freiherr von Oppenheim (without a beard as he is seen on the preceding page), with one of the treasures of his collection, a mythological hybrid which was to the Hittites what the centaur and the chimera were to the classical civilization. The curved nose of the deity is characteristic of Hittite art, although the earlier specimens make the hook even more pronounced

ART of the

Examples of the Culture o the Tell Halaf, Syria, b

The Hittites are one of the historical mysteries. It is certain that they lived in Western Asia and their sphere of influence centred in a rough circle round the Syriac city of Aleppo. The Biblical term Hittite signifies North Syriac tribal confederacies. They are identified with the Kheta of Egyptian annals and the (K)hatti of Assyrio-Babylonian records. The dominant Hittite tribe dwelt in the Halys plain. It was from the Hittites that Solomon imported horses in about 800 B.C. The general form of government was by city states woven into a loose confederation. The relics are sporadically found in many areas, the richest and most spectacular of which is in the vicinity of Carchemish, and take the form of huge walls in bas relief. The Hittite Empire enjoyed a period of greatness both in the Copper Age and in the Iron Age. As early as 1400 B.C. women were accorded official rank. The language is still something of a mystery, but the art is easily distinguished from cognate and contemporary productions, both in its matter and in its manner. The Hittites must not be confused with the Hyksos, the Shepherd Kings of Egypt

A TRINITY FROM THE TELL HALAF: Three great statues in the pr Oppenheim, who it is rumoured is to go to the United State able Hittite relics he has disco

Max, Baron von Oppenheim, was born at Cologne in 1860. When he was still a young man he showed signs of an adventurous spirit and a tireless energy combined with a great love for travel. He explored Morocco, visited the German Colonies in South Africa, and, joining the Diplomatic Service, was made Attaché, and later on Minister Resident in Cairo.

In 1894 he made his first journey from Damascus to Bagdad, following a course never before attempted by any European, south and south-east of Jebel Houran, across the great Harra Desert. A full and detailed description of this journey is given by him in a book entitled *Vom Mittel Meer zum Persischen Golf*.

In June, 1899, he landed once more at Beirut and made his way to Baalbeck and Aleppo, and on to Urfa and Diarbeck. His intimate knowledge of the Arabic and Islamic languages and his friendship with the Bedouins facilitated his journey, though he was once led astray by a false guide and separated for three days from his caravan, and was also attacked eight times by Ibrahim Pasha's armed bands as he was crossing the Tek-Tek mountains.

In November he finally attained the goal of his journey, the little village of Ras-el-Ain, near the source of the River Khabur. He had looked forward to his arrival here with eager impatience, his mind full of a story he had heard over the camp fires of the Bedouins, a strange story of the death of an old sheikh of the Tcherkess tribe, and of how, when his sons went to dig a grave for their father, they came upon a gigantic stone animal with a man's head and the wings of a bird; of how, full of superstitious terror, they covered up the image and began to dig a grave in another spot, but again and again came across figures and animals in stone, and were forced at last to seek a burial-ground at some more distant spot.

At first, however, von Oppenheim met with considerable difficulty in discovering the truth of this story, for the Tcherkesse tribe refused to give him any information, and only after he had called upon the spirit of the departed sheikh to punish them for their scurvy treatment of a guest did they consent to lead him to the mound called Tell Halaf, and here, assisted by some Bedouins, von Oppenheim began his excavations, and after only two hours was able to unearth his first find, the portal of a gigantic gateway.

According to his later discoveries, the Tell Halaf had been an artistically constructed eminence surmounted by a great temple or palace which had been destroyed by fire, and with the passing of the centuries, covered with dust and earth and vegetation, so that in time it had come to resemble a natural mound. Nearly all the stones which formed the façade of the gateway were engraved with figures; farther on he found the head of a winged and bearded man, the remains of a colossal lion with the head of a bird that had apparently been burst in pieces by some tremendous concussion, also the figure of a veiled woman and the head of another statue, evidently that of a god. According to the inscriptions and to von Oppenheim's own calculations, the temple or palace belonged to the time of a Hittite monarchy between the fall of Babylon and the supremacy of the Assyrian kings, and this opinion was later on confirmed when he was able to identify one of the statues as that of Teshub, the chief god of the Hittites.

Unfortunately he was not able at that time to obtain the permission of the Turkish Government to continue his excavations, and having buried the discoveries he had made, and been given the promise of the Tcherkesse and Bedouins not to reveal the secret of the Tell Halaf to any other traveller, he was forced regretfully to return to his duties at Cairo.

HITTITES

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TWIN DIVINITIES OF THE HITTITES: Teshub and Hepet, the high gods of the Tell Halaf Temple. Teshub is identified with the Norse Thor, the Thunder God, who in classic mythology is a hybrid of Hephaestus and Zeus. Teshub is pre-eminently a sky god, but Hittite mythology is as yet but little known

ASSEMBLY: Work in the Oppenheim Museum collating fragments of statues shattered by time and welding them again into an approximation of their former state. *Inset above on left*—THE THROWING GODDESS, one of the minor Hittite divinities

In 1911, however, he resigned from the Diplomatic Service, and at once came back to Ras-el-Ain to carry on more extensive excavations of the Tell Halaf, but again he was interrupted by the Great War of 1914, and it was not till three years ago that he was able to transport the treasures he had discovered to Aleppo. From here he obtained permission to ship part of them to Berlin, keeping some for his own private museum and presenting others to the German Nation.

It is stated that the Baron Freiherr comes [illegible] to go to the United States of America, and will show [illegible] of some of his incomparable Hittite relics, but this is not yet officially confirmed. M. S.

DICKENS FRESCOES

The Vigorous Early Work of A. R. Thomson, th
of the Duncannon, Charing Cross

By CLAI

"CAPITAL—CAPITAL": Alfred Jingle, the strolling player whose unscrupulousness is shattered by Pickwick's generosity

"CHOPS AND TOMATER SAUCE": Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz at the breach of promise trial, Bardell v. Pickwick

THE EATANSWILL ELECTIO
conceived and execu
laisian by a deaf and d

"HE DID NOT TAKE PART IN THE SHO
Pickwick suffers for his devotion to
ménage at Dingley Dell by undergo

The finest of all Dickens paintings are to be pickaxed and swept into the dustbin sometime within the next few weeks. A whole series of them adorns the walls of the Duncannon public-house behind the Golden Cross Hotel at Charing Cross, an hotel whose name has gone around the world with Pickwick. They are not mentioned in any guide-book, and comparatively few visitors to London have ever seen them. Yet their vivacity, their explosive comic spirit, their Hogarthian dilation of the jollity and oddness of Pickwick's England, make them the finest of all pictorial interpretations of Dickens. But all the leases on the triangular island site between Trafalgar Square, the Strand, and Duncannon Street have expired, and all the buildings are to be torn down. The pickaxes were to begin crashing into the old yellow building at the Trafalgar Square side of the island site on October 10. Sometime in the next few weeks they are expected to reach the Duncannon tavern, and the best Dickens paintings in existence are to slide down the wooden chutes to the rubble carts in chunks of brick and mortar and clouds of rising dust.

Nothing can be done to save them. Even if large sums of money could be raised to lift the walls out bodily, no building contractor would undertake the responsibility of saving them, and it is doubtful whether any building engineer would approach the job with much enthusiasm. There is very little adhesive power in the mortar that is used between bricks. Brick walls remain perpendicular because their weight holds them so. Tip any brick wall out of the perpendicular and it begins to crack. Tip it farther and it falls to pieces. Supporting frames of timber could easily be fitted at the top and back and sides of the walls on which the Duncannon's mural decorations are painted, but to get supports beneath the walls in order to lift them out bodily and so to preserve the paintings is a job which building engineers would undertake only at a prohibitive price. Two of the paintings have been affixed to the walls on canvas, and these are to be saved. The rest are to go.

If the rest had been painted on paper and thus affixed to the walls, there might be a good chance of saving them. In that case the paper might be peeled off with a small jet of live steam, but the difficulty is that only the principal figures were painted on paper in the artist's studio and then cut out and pasted on the walls, the smaller figures and the backgrounds being done on the spot. The result is that either the entire wall, brick and all, has to be saved or nothing can be saved. Hence the farewell visits which are being made these days by the few Londoners who know the Duncannon's Pickwick panels. Both the Royal Academy and the Dickens Fellowship, each with building experts in tow, have toiled up the narrow stairs to the saloon lounge. "Heavens! What a glorious noise," cried the Royal Academy, but the building experts shook their heads over the question of what to do about it. There is accordingly nothing more cheerful to chronicle than farewells.

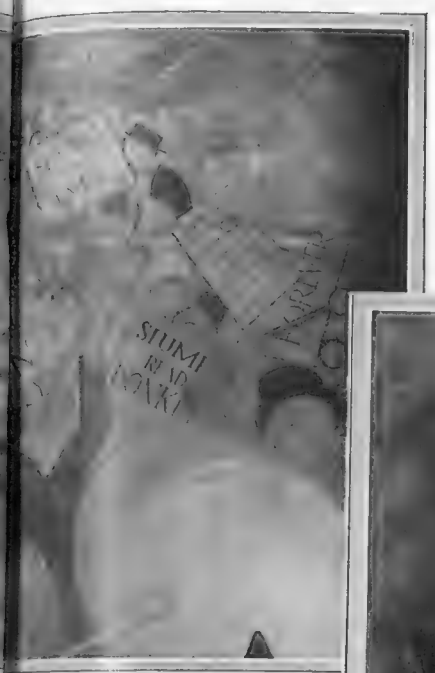
The paintings cover the entire wall space. A tremendous Serjeant Buzfuz, wigged and black-gowned, opens the great Bardell v. Pickwick breach of promise trial. Slumkey's followers bang the big bass drum in the famous scuffle at the Eatanswill election. The post-chaise with Bob Sawyer rolling on the roof rattles past a stout gipsy woman and her skinny children on its rollicking way from Bristol to Birmingham. A braying donkey frightens the disconsolate Pickwick seated on his barrow in the pound. The old grandmother confronts Pickwick on the memorable Christmas at Dingley Dell. And in the wall spaces between the windows Sam Weller, Tracey Tupman, Winkle, Jingle, and the Fat Boy stand each alone in his tall, narrow panel.

...in a Tavern IN JEOPARDY

...Well-Known Portraitist, Boldly Depicted on the Walls ...to be Demolished by House-breakers

...APRICE

Never were there such Dickens pictures. It may be that the secret of them lies in the fact that the artist, A. R. Thomson, is deaf and dumb. These terrible handicaps have compelled him to depend on his eyes alone. He has learned to see more than other men see, and in Pickwick he found a theme after his own heart. He was unknown when he did this astonishing series eight years ago. He has since become known to all connoisseurs and he has done better-known works than these, but he has never done anything with more wit, more vitality, and more robustness in it. No form of art affords greater scope for the peculiarly genial and spirited qualities of English humour than decorative caricature, and these mural cartoons lift their creator into the peculiarly English company of Hogarth and Rowlandson and Cruikshank and Leech.



...A phantasmagoria of satire ...with a vigour almost Rabe... ...artist on the walls of a tavern

"SPELL IT WITH A WEE, SAMIVEL": Sam Weller, boots and body-servant, prototype of English humour at its best

...T HE DID IN THE LUNCH": Mr. ...nch as brewed by the efficient Wardle ...indignity of being "impounded"!

FROM BRISTOL TO BIRMINGHAM: The immortal caravan takes its way across the western Midlands

But why has nobody ever heard of them before? Why has it taken their impending destruction to reveal their existence? Probably because the Duncannon's proprietor is the only person who has made it his business to advertise them, and the advertisements of public-house proprietors have only a limited range. They get into the trade papers of the licensed victuallers, as pub proprietors are called in England, but not into papers which circulate outside the trade. As many of the Duncannon's own patrons as have gone upstairs to sit to their whisky and soda in the lounge have always known of them, but none seems to have been capable of imparting his knowledge. As for the average Londoner, he has never had any reason to expect his licensed victuallers to thrill him with new art treasures, and there is nothing in the Duncannon's outer appearance to indicate the unprecedented exception at the top of its stairway.

The Duncannon's proprietor had the panels done because the building he occupies was enlarged about eight years ago, and he wanted something more interesting than wall-paper for his new lounge. The existence of the Golden Cross Hotel suggested Pickwick to him, as it does to every Dickensian the world over (or rather as it did, for the famous Golden Cross has to be dropped into the past tense; it has just closed its

(Continued on page 198)

PREPARATORY TO THE "CHASTE SALUTE": Mr. Pickwick with old Mrs. Wardle, who fittingly inaugurate the high jinks during the Christmas interlude at Dingley Dell

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THE SABLE EMPIRE.—A Coronation of semi-barbaric Byzantine pomp and glittering splendour will take place in Africa next week. The panorama of golden, jewelled magnificence, rich gifts from every part of the world, including the traditional ivory, apes, and peacocks from African chiefs, will make this ceremony as picturesque and unique as any that the fantastic imagination of a Hollywood director could conceive and stage for the screen.

Ras Tafari, who proudly claims to be a lineal descendant of King Solomon, famous for wives and wisdom, through the Queen of Sheba, will be crowned Emperor of Ethiopia at his capital, Addis Ababa, on November 2.

Ethiopia or Abyssinia, as it is now mostly labelled on the map, is the oldest free and independent State in the world. It is the only really completely sovereign independent nation in Africa to-day. That independence has a history of about 3,200 years.

In area twice the size of Germany, with almost unexploited resources, Abyssinia has not unnaturally attracted the ambitious and enterprising throughout the centuries, and in more modern times, offering a standing temptation to the three Powers dominant in Africa—Great Britain, France, and Italy. Only once was the independence of Ethiopia challenged seriously—by the Italians, who suffered overwhelming defeat, and were thereby forced to recognize the absolute independence of Abyssinia in 1896, since when no other nation has attempted to repeat the experiment. Abyssinia is a member of the League of Nations.

In sharp contrast to the country itself, in many aspects 500 years behind the times, Ras Tafari Makonnen, "King of Kings," and Emperor-to-be, his Queen Waziru Menin, and a number of their Ethiopian entourage, are Western educated, and as modern-minded as any European Court. Their daughter was educated at Lausanne and at a school in Cheshire.

Ras Tafari follows the example of the late Emperor Menelik, who inaugurated in Abyssinia the policy of granting valuable concessions to foreign countries, which have helped considerably to open up this black Empire and will prove important allies to the Emperor's scheme for exploiting his country's resources, modernizing his Empire, and consolidating its position on the League of Nations as a Twentieth-century Power.

Ethiopia is the world's cradle of Christianity and is the oldest Christian nation in the world. The religion is Coptic Christianity, headed by a Patriarch who is sought from Egypt.

There has long been a feeling in Egypt that political alliance between Egypt and Ethiopia would be a great diplomatic stroke and of incalculable strategic value. The Ethiopians are brave warriors and excellent fighters.

The nation consists of four main tribes, of which the Amharas are in the bulk, and dominating race. They are supposed originally to be of Semitic extraction. A French archæologist has advanced the theory that ancient Egyptian civilization came from Ethiopia. The ancient city of Axum, for many centuries the capital, is comparable in archæological interest to Ur, Jerusalem, Thebes, and Memphis. Degrees of civilization in Abyssinia vary from beautiful, almost modern Dire-Dauoa, to unexplored corners where the tribes are still wild and savage and where no white man has yet penetrated. An explorer told me in Cairo that there is one tribe which lives from drinking the blood of wild animals.

Of extraordinary interest are the "Cavern Churches" at Lalibella, the most ancient of which is attributed to the Emperor Lalibella, 1,200 years before Christ. They were built by hollowing out the vast volcanic cliffs in that region. The largest is a veritable cathedral cut in the cliffs, and since the Christian era has been called the "World Redeemer Church," or the "Church of the World Redeemer."

Ewing Galloway

A DIGNITARY OF THE KING OF KINGS: One of the officers in Ras Tafari's army, and a functionary at his Court in his imposing uniform

BLASPHEMY.—Four learned American University Professors have recently made themselves responsible for a more lasting contribution of revolution and sensation to Chicago's already lurid annals than the famous city gunmen themselves, by editing the Bible with "scare" headlines, jazzed verses, and operette.

According to an advance review, "Every chapter throughout the Chicago Bible is headlined in yellow-journalism style. 'Social wrongs spell National Ruin,' 'Solomon executed David's Will,' to illustrate two examples. Chicago presents Solomon's 'Song of Songs' as an operette dedicated to the Queen of Sheba. It is divided into verses, sung by a girl, a young man and a chorus. It is startling, but it makes the old love poem surprisingly clear and unambiguous,' says Chicago.

"In another chapter where the Authorised Version reads as follows—'I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk; eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved,' Chicago has construed it into a debauch. The chorus sing to the maiden and the youth, 'Eat, lovers, drink, and be drunk with love.'

"In verse three of the same chapter of the Authorised Version occurs the passage, 'I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on?' "The operette presents this as an aria by the maiden, who sings that she was asleep, and wakened by the knocking of the youth on her bedroom door. She opens the door, and concludes, 'I have taken off my garments, why should I put them on again?'

"In most cases the word 'vinegar' in the Authorized Version becomes 'wine' in the Chicago version."

Even Chicago admits that this new version of the Bible is likely to cause a bigger sensation than any crime perpetrated by the gunmen.

WHATEVER THE WEATHER.—"A Blizzard by any other name is still a Blizzard," declares the National Geographical Society of Washington, U.S.A., enumerating the curious names given to the various winds and weather conditions peculiar to or periodically prevailing in different countries.

Monsoons, simoons, siroccos, southern bursters, harmattans, haboobs, chinooks, willy willies, mistrals, the Freemantle Doctor, Cock-eyed Bobs, chihilis of Algeria, chubasco of Central America, the leveche of Spain, shamal of Persia, bora of the Adriatic, buran, poorga, pampero, are but a few of the untechnical nicknames recognized by meteorologists.

Tornadoes, known in North Africa, Australia, and Middle West America, attain the greatest speed of any winds, their velocity attaining 500 miles an hour. At Buitenzorg, Java, lightning flashes and thunder growls 322 days of the year, states the Society's report:

"India's monsoon carries on the wings of wind the world's greatest burden of water. On Cherrapunji, at the head of a valley in the Himalaya foothills, 424 inches of rain fall during the year. That is enough to fill an open tank 35 feet high. In August, 1841, it rained 30 inches a day for five consecutive days.

"Antarctica is notorious for its storms. The Roaring Forties become the Howling Seventies in Antarctica, where Adelie Land has been named the Home of the Blizzard. The year-round average wind-speed in Adelie Land is fifty miles an hour, while the average of Europe, which next to Antarctica is the windiest continent, is only ten miles an hour. Explorers in Adelie Land record a speed of 107 miles an hour for eight hours with gusts running as high as 200 miles an hour.

"Central America's chubasco season is a small copy of India's monsoon. An Australian set down in Texas would soon recognize that a Texas norther was a near relative of his own southern burster. A Swiss, travelling through the Rockies in early spring, sniffing the soft, dry, warm breeze, would exclaim 'Foehn wind.' 'Chinook,' a native might correct him. But a South African would call it a berg wind, a Sumatran a bohorok, and a Faroe Islander a glave wind."

Italy's sirocco from the south, having passed over water, brings a moist, lazy atmosphere. The same wind, reaching Spain as the solano, after having passed over land, is hot, dry, and dusty. So is the leveche of eastern Spain, the leste of Madeira and North Africa. Argentina's hot zondas are South American siroccos, and to the same family belong Australia's brickfielders. In other words, Nature's Internationalism in the Air.

GANDHI.—The India Round Table Conference will open in London these days. The axis *around* which that Conference will turn is one man. And, what is no less piquante and intriguingly interesting is that that axis of the Round Table Conference is in prison.

Mahatma Gandhi is confined in the Yeravda prison, close to Poona, 150 miles north of Bombay. The Mahatma must feel quite at home, for in 1923 and 1924 he occupied a suite there.

A correspondent sends me a description of the place. From the outside the prison has the appearance of an old-time fort. Huge grey stone walls about thirty feet high, pierced by gigantic iron gateways, surround the edifice. The grounds, beautiful with flowers and fruit trees, are divided into sections for Europeans and natives. Gandhi occupies quarters in the European section. That is cut off from the rest of the prison and grounds by a separate 21-ft. high wall. Running through the flowers, trees, and picturesque walks, are two long barracks of twenty cells each.

High windows and a grille door ensure ventilation. There are verandas on both sides of the cells, which are sparsely furnished.

On account of his health an exception is made for Gandhi, who has been given an iron bedstead with mattress and bed-linen. Some of his friends, arrested at the same time or since, occupy adjoining cells.

Gandhi puts into practice the nursery adage, "Early to bed and early to rise . . ." He gets up at four in the morning and retires at eight in the evening. His diet is milk and fresh fruits. He nevers touches meat. During the day he reads, writes, talks. Often he sits an hour or two at his spinning-wheel. He does not show the slightest antagonism to the British jailers, with whom he laughs and talks in the friendliest manner. In the afternoon he walks in the grounds with his co-prisoners.

Before going to bed Gandhi prays long for the liberation of India, and about the same time millions of Hindus throughout the country join in that prayer.

That is the man who is the axis around which the Round Table Conference in London will turn, whether it wants to or not.

INFANTILE DEMONSTRATORS: Five-hundred school children assembled before a school in New York to attract the attention of the authorities to the fact that they want—and, in fact, need more parks to play in during their leisure hours. "Playgrounds not promises," was one of the slogans borne by this unique demonstration

AN EPITOME OF MODERN JAPAN

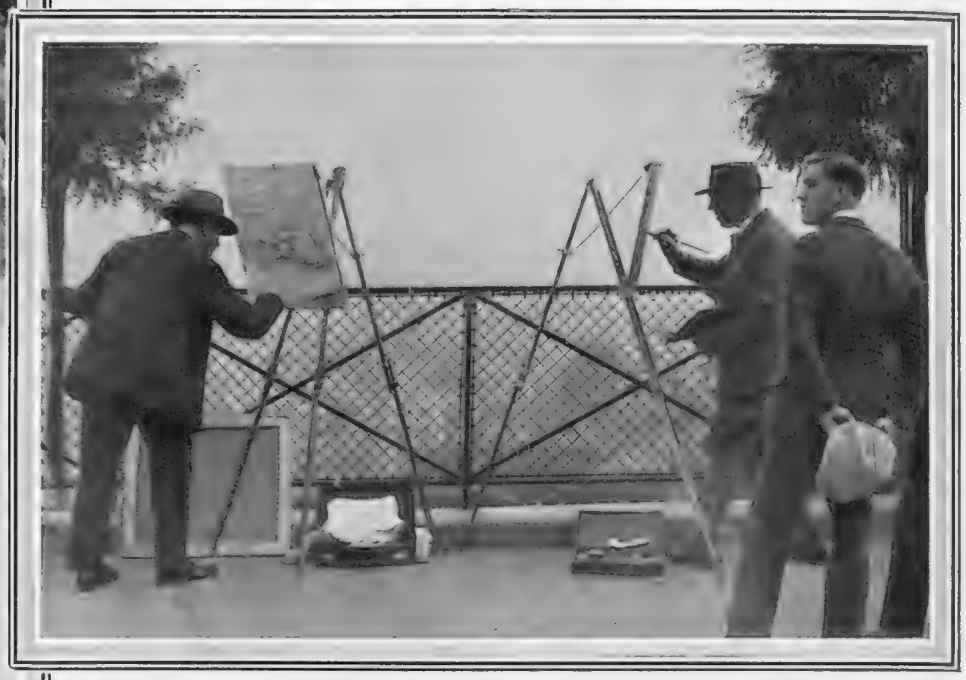
THREE GENERATIONS TELL THE STORY OF THE WESTERNIZING OF JAPAN

This striking study of the family of the Marquis Toshitame Mayeda, Military Attaché to the Japanese Embassy accredited to the Court of St. James's and the richest peer in his own country, exemplifies in a remarkable manner the way in which the Land of the Rising Sun is looking towards the West. The dowager on the left, the mother of the Marquis, still wears the national and traditional dress. Then comes the Marquis in his Continental-looking uniform with his purely Occidentally dressed marchioness and their equally Western-clad children. On the extreme right is Mr. Taketame Mayeda, the eldest son, also in a Western-seeming uniform. The change is not limited to things sartorial, as may be discerned by noting the background of the picture. The new residence of the Marquis, a magnificent mansion costing 1,500,000 yen (£150,000) which has just been erected in Komaba, a suburb of Tokio, is definitely Western in materials and style. The "paper houses" of yesteryear are giving place to stone and brick and concrete. That a natural leader of the people—the peerage dates back 300 years—is adopting the new ways is a matter of significance, as it may well be a straw flying fast in the Wind of Modernity.

ALFRESCO ART

Albata Ferrules have been Flashing in the Sun during the Popular Outdoor Sketching Season of 1930

IN JAPAN: Notoriously a nation of artists, even the children of Japan produce excellent work. With the Westernization of clothes, an Occidental technique is also becoming apparent



IN OLD PARIS: A couple of painters on the summit of Montmartre Hill, the old Quartier Latin of the capital, crowned by the edifice of Sacre Coeur

IN LONDON: An artist at work reproducing the impressive lines of "The church of the British Empire," St. Martin-in-the-Fields, from the steps of the National Gallery—a favourite spot for London artists. A black-and-white cat proves an interested spectator of the work

IN THE LAKES OF ITALY: Work in progress on the island of Comacina, Lake Como, an eyot mentioned frequently in the annals of medieval warfare. Its most important edifice is the little church of San Giovanni, an important link in architectural history. Comacina is one of the favourite resorts of artists in the lovely Como district

IN SWITZERLAND: An artist at work on the Alpine slopes of the Upper Engadine, watched by a native. So brilliant is the light that an umbrella is affixed to the upper corner of the easel to shade the canvas

ART from BERLIN

The Highlight in the Sale of the Figdor Collection: Notable Exhibits in the New Pergamon Museum

SOLD FOR £17,500: The highest bidding the sale of the Figdor Collection in Berlin, was made for this study of the Prodigal Son by Hieronymos Bosch

ART OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY: The sculpture of Christ on the Ass, from the church in Landshut, is one of the treasures at the Pergamon Museum, the newly completed collection in Berlin opened this month. Another gem of the new museum is the "Athene Parthenos" inset on the left. Ascribed to Pheidias, it has the strength of the pre-Praxitilean era, but not the delicacy, the humanity, nor the grace of the less heroic but more lovable sculpture of his school

MR. GOLLANCZ REPLIES

And is Replied to by CECIL ROBERTS

Once in a while there comes a book that is a landmark in the acres of books through which one wades in the hope of proper entertainment. I was not prepared for the rich entertainment that I have discovered in a new book on Whistler. True, the man was bizarre enough to make bright writing easy, but the elements were so mixed in him that misinterpretation seems inevitable. The Pennells championed him in and out of season, his numerous enemies pursued his reputation long after the irritating fellow had escaped his rancour. His courage was denounced as impertinence, his art as an imposition. The voice of the battalions, led by Ruskin, shouted him down, but perhaps he suffered most from himself. He had no standard of truth, no loyalties. He was vulnerable to the small-minded.

ARTIST IN MANY FIELDS: James McNeill Whistler whose tongue was dipped in vitriol, whose pen was dipped in vinegar, and whose brush was dipped in magic, subject of a gorgeous biography by James Laver, reviewed on this page

A book about a man of this character offers grave temptations to caricature. Here is one, *Whistler*, by James Laver (Faber and Faber. 15s.), that avoids all pitfalls. Sanity pervades every page, its judgments are shrewd, its style is a continuous delight. Mr. Laver writes a beautiful flexible prose. His knowledge of the art period of which he writes appears to be considerable, and the authority he displays upon Whistler is extended to the whole circle and generation in which his central figure moved. Still more enjoyable is the ripe philosophical attitude to men and movements which the author displays. For this reason the reader need not possess any deep interest in art or in Whistler, and yet find himself engrossed by a narrative that is amazing and sane, lively and pathetic. Here is a portrait of the man, indelibly sketched:

> "He talked the whole time, like a conjuror whose patter never ceases even when the rabbits are emerging from the hat. He ate hardly anything, and was never in his chair. To see him pour wine was to witness a perfect work of art. As he got up to go round the table with the bottle—for he never allowed the wine to circulate in decanters—he would begin an anecdote, pouring into the glasses at the exact moment when a pause was most effective. He used his eyeglass in the same way to emphasize the point of his stories."

In the famous Ruskin case Whistler told the judge he was born at St. Petersburg. It sounded romantic. He informed his first biographer he was born at Baltimore. Actually he was born in Lowell, Mass. When I was last in that city a friend conducted me to the house, which is preserved in memory of Whistler. It is a grey, miserable frame house, in a district gone out of fashion. In its own day it may have been pretentious. No wonder Whistler had himself reborn in St. Petersburg. He came of Army stock, he could have boasted of his education at America's crack military academy, but he cared for none of these things. Murger's *Vie de Bohême* filled him with longings for Paris. He went, found distinguished companions, did no work, kept a mistress, became the friend of Fantin-Latour, and discarded Du Maurier, who put him in *Trilby*. Then he leapt upon London, and discovered the Thames for himself and the world. It is a fascinating story that Mr. Laver so admirably tells; fiction could offer nothing more fantastic or absorbing. The book is beautifully illustrated and produced.

Among the modern American novelists I have no hesitation in putting Louis Bromfield first. It seems to me that he has a prodigal imagination, knowledge, humour, and industry. He has not yet written a bad or a poor story. His style is vigorous and sensuous. Unlike so many of his countrymen he has a feeling for the European background, and never falls into caricature in the attempt to show familiarity. His new book, *Twenty-four Hours* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), is something of a *tour de force*, for the whole story, a long one, full of incident, is confined in its period of action to twenty-four hours. Yet there is no straining in these bonds, the drama works itself swiftly and inevitably to its end. The beauty and surprise in his writing is as fresh as it was in *The Green Bay Tree*. Here we meet Hector Champion, on the verge of death, observing his fellows, the rich, the poor, the vicious, and suddenly, in the life of Rosie, we are in the underworld of New York. In contrast, the study of the virginal Philip has a deep beauty, and illustrates the variety and range of Mr. Bromfield's art. I can most sincerely recommend this book; it is a good story and it is in the first rank of literature.

One should read *The Advance from Mons*, by Walter Bloem (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.), if only to get a frank glimpse of the astonishing mentality of the German war mind. Herr Bloem was a novelist, called to the colours as a reserve officer. He was in the Battle of Mons, Le Cateau, the Marne, and the Aisne. His account is so accurate that it can be annotated with the corresponding English accounts of the retreat from Mons. It was written in convalescence in 1915, so that it is the fresh account of an eye-witness. Better still, it frankly reflects the arrogance of the confident German war mind, later to be bitterly broken. "A bad defeat, there could be no gainsaying it; in our first battle we had been badly beaten, and by the English, by the English we had laughed at a few hours before." Captain Bloem was a good soldier, he loved his men and his country, but beyond this he appears to have felt nothing. He could even ask a Belgian lady on whom he was billeted: "Why has your little Belgium offered this senseless and useless resistance to our overwhelming superiority?" And when standing on Belgian soil he is grateful to the valour that has prevented his native land from invasion. It never occurs to him to wonder what he is doing on foreign neutral soil. As a portrait of war the mentality, the brutality, the heroism, the futility, this book is notable, far more notable than the more deliberate effect striven for in *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

With reference to my recent remarks upon the issue by Mundanus, Ltd., of a series of new novels at 3s. net, Mr. Gollancz writes charging me with mis-statement and misrepresentation of his enterprize. He denies his scheme is for more and cheaper books. "I have no scheme for more and cheaper books, my scheme is in fact one for fewer and cheaper books," and says that I am quite incorrect in suggesting "that he is indifferent to the pros and cons as affecting authors."

The prospectus clearly gave me that impression, conveyed in the statement—"We do not propose to consider various points for and against cheaper books." Mr. Gollancz, it seems to me, goes out of his way to misinterpret and find offence in my observation that not one novel on the opening list was "by a reputable author." "I have no doubt Mr. Roberts was carelessly using the word 'reputable' to denote 'of great public reputation.' For all I know there may even be authority for the use of the word in this sense. But the ordinary meaning of the word, and the meaning it must convey to any reader is something altogether different."

I assume that my readers are not of less intelligence than Mr. Gollancz, and since he has no doubt I meant the word to denote "of great public reputation," my readers, too, will not interpret it as "something altogether different." It is Mr. Gollancz who would use the word carelessly in suggesting that I intended any offensive attack on his authors. Moreover, he accepts the obvious meaning by citing Mr. H. G. Wells, an author of established repute, who has put his last novel into an American dollar-novel series. I asked whether "the most startling and disquieting revelation" in a promised public school novel would not contain sexual incidents. Says Mr. Gollancz—"only four pages out of 320 so much as mention anything of the kind. I was alluding to much more serious and fundamental questions." Well, even one page can be too much, but on this point I may be prejudiced.

Upon the real point of contention, whether the innovation will benefit authors, Mr. Gollancz is correct in asserting that it is better for an author to sell 6,000 copies at 3s. than 2,000 at 7s. 6d., *if he can*. Naturally, this new venture has created the liveliest discussion among authors, who appear to be equally divided upon its merits. The scheme would, I think, have a better chance if, as in America, the sale of books was not confined to one class of shop. I regret that in my article the price of the Mundanus books was misprinted as 3s. 6d. instead of 3s.

The brothers of great men, particularly if they follow the same calling, suffer from a severe handicap. Three of the Tennysons were poets. Charles somehow managed to force a little recognition of himself as a sonneteer, but the eldest of the trio, Frederick, was quite eclipsed by the brilliant Alfred. He has not even survived in the anthologies, those cemeteries of verse wherein the memorial poems rank like tombstones. Frederick Tennyson was a wanderer, but in middle age he settled in Florence—"I am a regular family man now with four children and an Umbrella," he wrote. His letters and those of his friends, Hallam, Merivale, Lytton, Alfred, and Charles Tennyson, have been gathered in *Letters to Frederick Tennyson* by Hugh Schonfield (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.). They form an interesting footnote to the history of the Tennyson family and stand as a good example of the ties that bind the Victorian family. Even the absorbing question of ways and means crops up in a letter with the sad news "there is no prospect whatever of the payment of Interest upon the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway shares." Times have not altered so much with poets or merchant princes!

Dr. Karl Friedrich Nowak's *Kaiser and Chancellor* (Putnam. 21s.) is a striking example of German thoroughness. It deals with the opening years of the reign of the Emperor William II up to the dropping of the pilot, Bismarck. The book was written after long conversations with the ex-Kaiser who read over the first draft. After his own statements had been checked up he finally read the proofs refraining from any protest. "One charge it will certainly be impossible for anyone to level against you—that of obsequiousness!" The chapter in this book headed "The Young Master" is certainly a candid portrait of the wilful monarch. It appears to me that this is the fullest and most authentic study of the early Kaiser we shall have. It is frank, it is fair, and the character of the impetuous young monarch is presented with sympathy that owes nothing to impartiality. The final break with Bismarck makes dramatic reading. After a momentous interview the Kaiser "held out his hand coolly and casually to the Prince. He said, once more, that he would expect a draft Order rescinding the old Cabinet Order. Then he went silently down the stairs. The Chancellor had accompanied him to the door. When he was on the point of getting into his carriage, he suddenly turned back, hurried up the stairs two or three at a time, and returned to the Prince. He grasped his hand and shook it without a word. Prince Bismarck smiled. He had seen the storm and its ending from the outset. So, after all, all was in

(*Continued on page 197*)

briefly commended

Here is my weekly book list, which covers biography, murder, abuse, travel, and poetry,

The Life of Robert Burns, by *Catherine Carswell.* **(Chatto and Windus. 15s. net.)**—Yet another life, but its frankness and comprehensiveness of mood as well as matter makes it noteworthy.

Corsica the Beautiful, by *Major Radclyffe Dugmore.* A travel book of Corsica, admirably illustrated, with all the facts most useful to intending tourists. History and anecdote are engagingly mixed.

More Invective (Eyre and Spottiswoode).—An anthology that proves men of genius are masters of abuse, or in the redress of abuse.

The Royal Navy, by *Geoffrey Parratt.* **(Sheldon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A brief well-written outline of the Navy from its inception to the end of the Great War.

Great Italian Stories (E. Benn. 8s. 6d. net.)—A 900-page collection of stories by *Boccaccio, D'Annunzio, Gozzi, Pirandello, Papini,* etc.

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe, by *Zane Grey.* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The usual collapse in his arms on the last page, and the usual setting of the West no longer wild—but Mr. Zane Grey is a fine naturalist, and he has the art of telling a good story simply.

Plain Murder, by *C. S. Forester.* **(Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The story of two city clerks who commit a murder. A thriller with an unexpected twist, well written.

The Malachite Jar, by *J. S. Fletcher.* **(Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A new detective story by the author that started a vogue for crime detention. This time the hunting ground is Soho, lonely islands, and marshes.

The Lion Took Fright, by *Louis Marlow.* **(Mundanus Ltd. 3s. net.)**—A well written, engaging study of the relations between a middle-aged man and a young romantic girl, which will increase the expectant audience won by *Two Made their Bed.* This new series is excellently produced.

Flamenca. (Constable. 10s. net.)—An exquisite translation by *H. F. M. Prescott* of a thirteenth-century provençal story by Bernardet the Troubadour. It is like a time-mellowed vintage.

Poems for Children, by *Walter de la Mare.* **(Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)**—Only grown-up children will fully appreciate the quality of this collection of verses by the most elusive of our poets. It is like overheard music.

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THE RETURN OF AN OLD FAVOURITE: The accordion-pleated skirt makes a welcome reappearance in this striking creation in white satin. The line of slimness is enhanced by the tucked sections encircling the hips

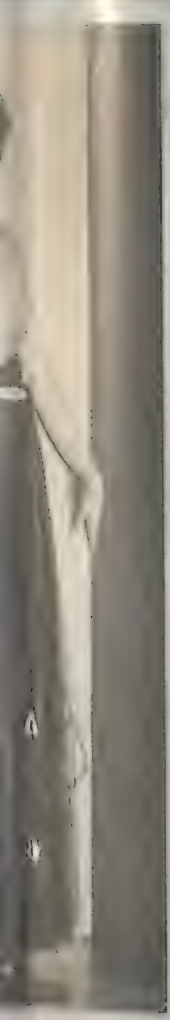
GEORGETTE AND SEQUINS: A chic evening gown in pale green georgette, the skirt in gored sections, and the hem and cape weighted with large gold sequins

THE BEAUTY OF CHANTILL
guished creation in black net and
The flesh-coloured yoke is hea
with steel beads

the FALL

st Modes from Paris and New York

THE LINES OF GREECE: An evening toilette in flesh-coloured satin. The skirt is especially fully flared, while the gathering at the waistline achieves a graceful shaping. Long kid gloves are becoming more and more indispensable



TILLY: A distin- and Chantilly lace, heavily embroidered eads

PAINTED MOIRE: A graceful toilette featuring a deep décolletage ending in a bow. The short train conspires to give the fashionable uneven line to the edge of the skirt

FIGURED CHIFFON IN ORANGE AND GOLD: A chic dinner gown, the flounces on which break the long line and strike a new note of fullness on the hips

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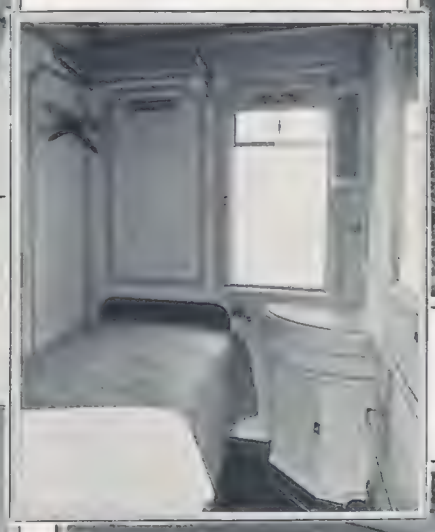
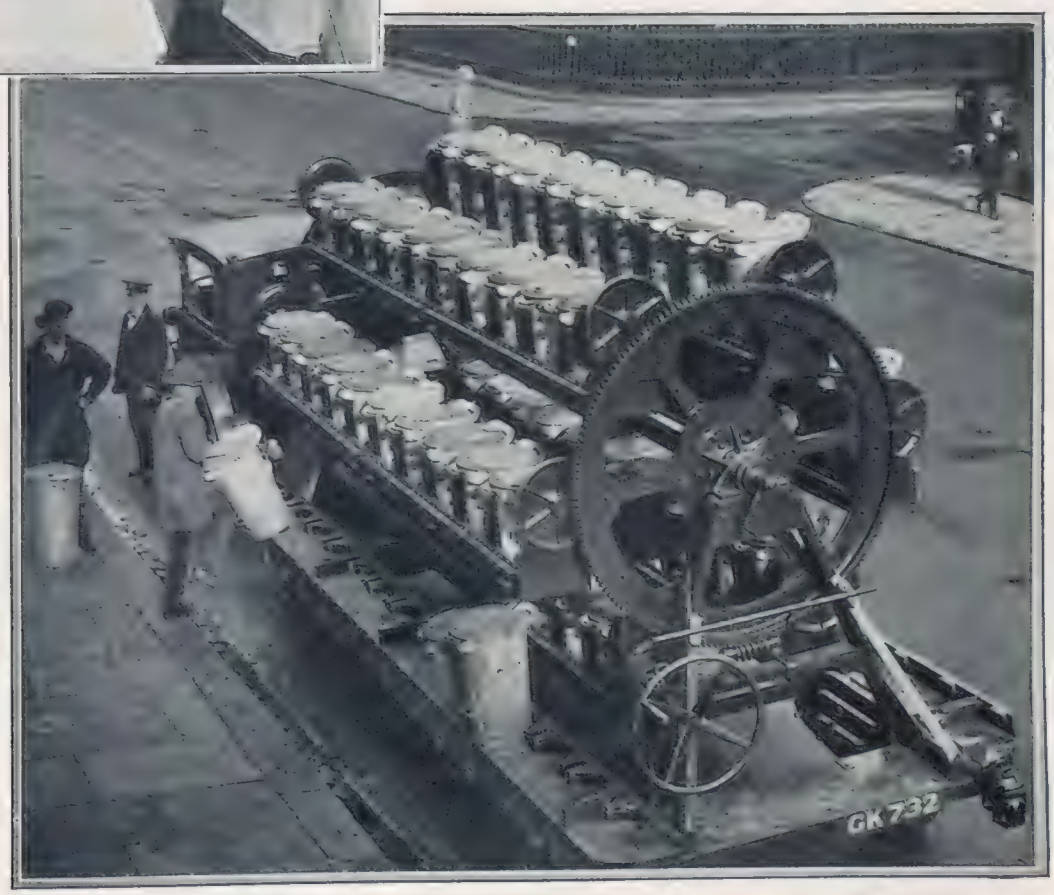
BERLIN'S NEW RADIO STATION: Like the B.B.C., the Berlin Radio Company have outgrown their quarters. The new building comprises a museum, extensive research laboratories, and studios



NEW SLEEPING-CARS FOR THE L.N.E.R.. Two aspects of the smart and attractive berths in bluish green and chromium-plating, with folding tables, hot and cold water, clothes hangers, and special ventilation arrangements

CLEARING CANADA: One of the most powerful of modern machines is the newly-perfected Hauser Brush Cutter, specially designed for use in Northern Alberta, Canada, to clear the land of poplar and diamond willow growth. It has materially reduced the cost of clearing. The charge per acre for this work runs from 12 dollars to 15 dollars, a saving of 15 to 25 dollars per acre over old methods

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE: Work in progress on the giant bridge across the Hudson, to cost £12,000,000. The towers reach 635 ft. above the river, the span is 3,500 ft. between points of support. 107,000 miles of wire is used in the great cables which are woven by this moving car. The cables weigh 25,000 tons



ROTARY REFUSE COLLECTORS: Tests are being carried out by the Westminster City Council with a new type of collector, British in construction and design. It carries eighty-four dust-bins and works on a rotary system. Instead of emptying the refuse the collectors take in an empty bin and take away the full one. As each rack is filled the next one is worked round

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

ORTHODOX, HERETIC, AND THE SUBJECT OF THE BATTLE: Mr. Norman McKinnel the Harley Street doctor, Mr. Harold Huth, the miracle-working quack, and Miss Isobel Elsom, the patient—a trio from "The Outsider" at the Apollo

BY HENRY SHEREK

London has for some years past not boasted of a big spectacular musical revue of the type which graced, or otherwise, the stages of New York, Paris, and Berlin. The reasons given are that it is impossible to get the production expenses back even with a successful spectacle, and that the public prefer a show with a story.

Large liners carried large managers to the Americas, where such musical plays were bought. The question of expense then arose. As English producers had to pay 10 per cent. of the gross takings, or even more, to the American owners, the spectacular nature of the entertainment was usually cut, and there followed a long vogue of musical comedies, mostly of American origin, lacking big spectacular effects, with the exception of some of the Drury Lane productions.

At last, however, a British manager has taken his courage and a lot of money in both hands, and put on the stage a combination of both.

He has picked the brains of the world, selecting the best of which the theatres of the most important countries have to offer. He has combined and improved upon the spectacular French revue, German scenic effects, a British book, low comedy from the English provincial music-halls, and American music, lyrics, and dancing.

The whole has been put on a portable revolving stage at the King's Theatre, Glasgow, and is called *Ever Green*, and the plucky and able manager is the greatest showman of them all, Charles Blake Cochran.

I went to Glasgow especially to see the production, and the long weary hours in the train were forgotten, and I was thrilled as I have never been thrilled in a theatre before, as scene followed scene of stupendous grandeur.

The worthy inhabitants of the second city of the Empire very nearly did not see a show at all, as Mr. Cochran explained before the show began that his army of assistants had been working day and night to accomplish in four days what should take four weeks; and when I saw the huge masses of scenery hurled upon the stage, I marvelled how they had accomplished the seemingly impossible.

Just before the curtain went up nobody noticed a mild, self-effacing little man, with sad eyes, come into the theatre, light a cigarette and stand at the side of the stalls. It was Frank Collins, who has produced Mr. Cochran's shows for the last seventeen years, and has always been most successful in keeping out of the limelight.

I hope it will be my pleasure and privilege to review the show in detail when it opens at the Adelphi Theatre on November 20, and must confine myself, in the meantime, to promising Londoners that they will see the dawn of a new epoch in production of musical plays and, if the run of *Bitter-Sweet* is any criterion, *Ever Green* should become an almost permanent feature of London life.

A short time after the demise of big revue productions in London the talking-pictures arrived, and the Hollywood Moguls decided that through the medium of the screen the population of Duntsville Al. and Wigan La. would be able to see mammoth shows without having to undertake a laborious journey to either New York City or London, as the case might be.

Although they cost a fabulous amount of money to produce, they have up to now not been particularly successful in London for two reasons. The humour was often of too American a nature, and big effects were spoiled because hundreds of people were shown on a screen covering about half the usual area of a stage, which made the performers appear too small to distinguish clearly, especially if one was sitting at some distance from the screen.

The latest example of this type of film, *King of Jazz*, which is being shown at both the Alhambra and the Regal, is far in advance of any of the others, but labours under yet another disadvantage.

The life of a popular song is very short, and this picture has been held up so long that the musical numbers have become hackneyed.

The central figure would have been Julius Cæsar's favourite companion as he is none other than the portly Paul Whiteman, complete with his well-known band which has been much enlarged since it played at the London Hippodrome some few years ago. Needless to say we see quite a lot of Mr. Whiteman, as he not only conducts his orchestra but acts, and on one occasion nearly dances.

Many fine effects are shown, the whole being produced by John Murray Anderson who will be remembered for having staged *The League of Notions*, of which he was part author, at The Oxford in 1921.

One of the big scenes is an immense interpretation of Gershwin's famous masterpiece, "The Rhapsody in Blue." The introduction is marvellously effective. It shows an African savage in full war-paint executing a frenzied dance on a huge drum, the beat of his feet becoming faster and faster until the rhythm merges into the rhapsody itself, thus showing the origin of jazz in the African jungle. This excellent prologue made me think that I should at last see scenes worthily interpreting this extraordinary and yet, of its type, great musical composition, but I was doomed to disappointment. The producer has been so anxious to use a mass of people and a huge piano that the whole thing becomes a disjointed jumble, and the composer's idea is not conveyed to the audience.

For the rest there are some good short sketches, some pleasant singing by John Boles (who made a big success in the film version of *Rio Rita*), and Jeannette Loff, and some very good eccentric dancing by an apparently filleted young man named Frank Leslie.

The whole picture is in colour, which is far better than any coloured film yet shown.

Whilst these epitomes of modernism have been launched to satiate the jaded tastes of seekers for sophisticated amusement, Sir Nigel Playfair has launched a very different form of entertainment down Hammersmith way. No one else would have had the courage to produce John Dryden's *Marriage à la Mode*, and at no theatre but the Lyric would it have a chance of success.

Noel Coward, who is by the way of being a modern John Dryden, should see this play as it contains some incidents which even he would have hesitated before including it in *Private Lives*. The morals of the younger married set during the seventeenth century appear to have been even more lax than those of the brightest of the moderns as shown by Mr. Coward, and the play proves that there is nothing very original in immorality, as some of the innocent-eyed young things nowadays seem to fondly imagine.

There are two plots, neither of which appear to have anything to do with the other. The main theme is rather a complicated story of a Sicilian usurper and his offspring of which I understood little. However, it gave Glen Byam-Shaw and his wife, Angela Baddeley, opportunities to recite some pretty couplets and play some pleasantly gentle love scenes which even a ridiculous yellow wig which Mr. Byam-Shaw had to wear could not spoil.

The other plot derives from the complications entailed by the more than harmless flirtations indulged in by two friends with each other's wives. As the ladies do not appear to be able to make up their minds as to who should have the honour of bringing them their morning cups of tea they decide to have a *ménage à quatre*, which, although slightly unconventional, appears to be a safe idea for those desiring to have a little variety in their *amours* without being put to any great inconvenience.

These four parts were splendidly played, especially by Athene Seyler as an affected lady who prefers to use a French word when an English one would do. Adèle Dixon has benefited by her long sojourn at the Old Vic, as what actress would not. George Hayes was a model of stage deportment and perfect diction, whilst Anthony Ireland wore an absurd helmet with great dignity.

A few weeks ago the Arts Theatre Club presented an adaptation of a French success to its members and their friends entitled *Monsieur Brotonneau*. The audiences of this club must be easy to please as its success there induced Dennis Eadie, Ltd., to put on the play at the Royalty Theatre after changing its title to *Two to One*. I am afraid that the odds of it being a success are very much longer.

The fact that this comedy is a well-known and often-revived success on the other side of the Channel shows how different our point of view is from that of our late Allies, and perhaps also shows why we both misunderstand each other so frequently.

Again we have the character of a mild bureaucrat living a well-ordered life, and through a woman, throwing off his coat of sombre black and becoming almost a libertine to live a life of shame with his typist. One would imagine from their plays that nothing ever happens to anybody in France unless there is a woman behind it all!

How two authors could spin out a pointless story for three boring acts passes my comprehension, unless the French can get a great amount of pleasure at the sight of a hitherto respectable and harmless member of the hardworking community which work in banks, having his useful life entirely uprooted by two uninteresting females.

Huntley Wright played the important part of the bank manager and was full of comedians' tricks, which I am bound to say earned more laughs than the dialogue, and the two women were played without conviction by Daisy Markham and Doris Hilditch.

I was impressed by the acting of Ralph Truman and Herbert Ross, whilst Bey Dauncey adopted the most vacuous expression I have seen even on a pretty face for a long time.

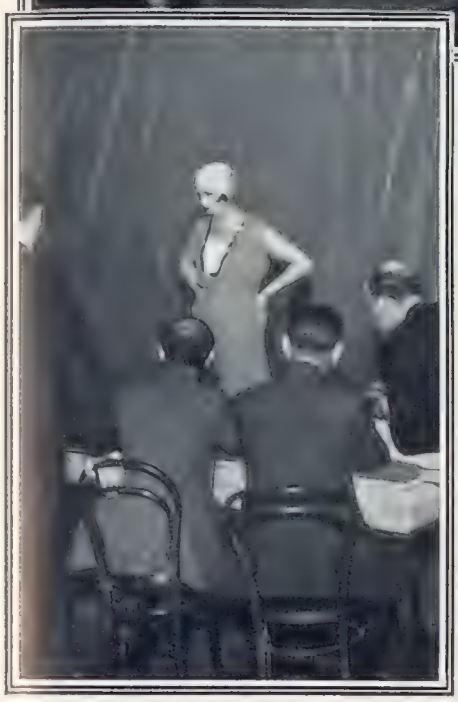
Pictures by Pollard Crowther

DRYDEN REVIVED: Miss Adèle Dixon as Doralice in Marriage à la Mode, *Sir Nigel Playfair's latest research into antiquity at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Only a few lines of the original have necessitated cutting*

"EVER GREEN"

Special Pictures of Effects Rehearsed and Unrehearsed at the Dress Rehearsal of the Gigantic New C. B. Cochran Production

INTERLUDE: The strain of rehearsal is productive of the Napoleonic ability to snatch a wink of sleep during a break in the work—even in the stalls of a theatre



A QUESTION OF COSTUME: Miss Joyce Barbour is submitting to a careful scrutiny of stage and fashion experts before her gown is "passed"

A FRIENDLY CHAT: Mr. Sonnie Hale discusses trivialities during a break in rehearsal, with Miss Jessie Matthews and Miss Joyce Barbour. Above in Circle—*MAKE-UP: A scene in the chorus-boys' dressing-room*

NOT A MANNEQUIN PARADE—BUT SOMETHING EQUALLY IMPORTANT: Mr. C. B. Cochran personally supervises details as to costume in his new show Ever Green, *to come to London in a few days*

MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES: No matter how exiguous the costumes may be, "C. B. C." invariably supervises them all in propriâ personâ. *Even the bathing scene, for example, must, as the more elaborately garbed incidents, satisfy that acute sense of colour and design which has made of his productions a synonym for the perfection of chromatics.* Ever Green *is coming to the newly-decorated Adelphi from Glasgow, where it has been phenomenally successful*

Fictures by **Sasha**

THE TOUCH OF PARIS: Imported milliners put the finishing touches to the evergreen frocks—a picture reminiscent of one notable picture by Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.

PEOPLE *who* COUNT

An Illustrated Guide to Personality

BRITAIN'S NEW AIR MINISTER: Lord Amulree, whose appointment in succession to the late Lord Thomson, one of the victims of the R 101 disaster, has just been announced. Lord Amulree is seen above about to call on the Prime Minister

THE CAPTAIN OF THE DO. X: Captain Friedrich Christiansen, who will command the great twelve-engined flying boat on her transatlantic trip, scheduled to take place within the year

FRANCIS JAMMES, POET: Francis Jammes (seen above with his mother) was born in 1868 in the little Basque town of Tournay, a quiet provincial place. He has very little in common with the litterateur of to-day. His own thoughts and ideas lie far away from those which agitate modern poets, so much so that his poetry is little noticed. He writes thus himself: "I go my way like a laden ass over whom the children laugh"

A MASTER OF MECHANICS: Major W. G. Wilson, C.M.G., the inventor and designer of the Self-changing Gear-box which is causing such interest at the Olympia Motor Show. Major Wilson will be remembered as the originator of the tanks, with which he is still associated

LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN: Alderman Alfred Byrne addresses the gathering at the City Hall, Dublin, after his election to the high office. The knowledge of who will be Chief Magistrate of London is also known in October

CURING A CHILDHOOD PLAGUE: Dr. Auguste Pettit of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, who has produced from monkeys a serum against Poliomyelitis, or Infantile Paralysis, now being sent all over the world—even by aeroplane. Dr. Pettit, who is seen above at work on his simians, has been experimenting for twelve years on this cure. He has now been awarded a prize by the Academy of Medicine, Paris

A GLIMPSE *of the* WINTER FASHIONS

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Many hats are close-fitting and all are worn well off the forehead. The one illustrated above on the left on this page is carried out in black velvet and trimmed with ostrich-feather. From Woollands of Knightsbridge

Turquoise-blue taffeta and coarse net are the mediums chosen for this effective evening gown, which is embroidered in fancy stitching of the same colour. From Martial Armand of Albemarle Street

Above is an exceedingly becoming hat of black feather-weight felt. The line at the front is softened by a narrow band of blue velvet. From Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly

A deep band of rich embroidery provides the decorative motif for this evening cloak, which is carried out in blue chiffon velvet. The frock is of a paler blue georgette and both are designed by Liberty of Regent St.

In **BLACK** and WHITE

Pictures by Peter North Illustrating Some New Models from the London Shops

Particular attention must now be paid to one's skating outfit—a flared skirt is practical, and the one here is worn with a short coat trimmed with broadtail cloth. From Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street

The coat of this two-piece suit is carried out in black face-cloth with pony-skin trimming also dyed black. The dress, of black marocain, is finished at the neck and wrists with white crepe-de-chine. From Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street

LINGERIE **MUST** BE CHIC **AND** PRACTICAL

Didactic as it may sound, the importance of wearing properly-cut under garments beneath the clothes at present in vogue cannot be over-emphasized. However good the fabrics from which it is made, the lace or embroidery with which it is trimmed, lingerie is fated to spoil the hang of a frock unless carefully designed and cut. Underclothes must be positively tailored, neatly fitting to the figure, streamlined in fact. Waistless slips or petticoats, frilled cami-knickers billowing in all the wrong places, chemises that pouch at the waist-line, over the top of the corset, must all be forsworn.

Sketched here are examples of lingerie that are useful as well as decorative, helpful adjuncts to the well turned-out woman. The crêpe-de-chine princess petticoat from Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge is a necessity under the long afternoon and evening frocks that require a supporting influence. It has a flat flounce of chiffon placed low down where fashion demands it should be, a fine net top, and a very deep décolletage at the back. From the same house come the knickers for evening wear, of closely-pleated heavy georgette and lace with a flat hip-band.

The newest vogue in cami-knickers is represented by these of combination type, made in crêpe-de-chine, lace, or embroidered georgette. They are cut on tailored lines and are made to measure to fit each wearer; the legs are not on elastic at the knee, but fit closely, and the back is cut very low. Women who prefer to wear knickers and a brassière will be interested in the *soutien-gorge* sketched. It is of fine coffee-tinted lace, lined with net, and has the right "uplift" effect, reinforced by a straight band to control the diaphragm. Both these latter garments are made by Robinson and Cleaver of Regent Street.

W. M. B.

The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

Some Modern COIFFURES

An attractive style for growing hair is suggested by Stewart's of Regent Street. A roll curl covers each ear while another is worn at the nape of the neck

The illustrations shown on this page emphasize three points upon which all the leading hairdressers are agreed, namely, that the hair must now be worn definitely long, that curls are fashionable, but at the same time the contour of the head must be preserved. The sketch in the top left-hand corner shows a modern version of the bob suggested by Stewart's of 225, Regent Street, in which a large roll curl is worn at the nape of the neck and two smaller curls at either ear In another coiffure by Stewart the hair is taken well away from the ears, the cluster of curls at the nape of the neck giving a charmingly soft effect which is in keeping with the essentially feminine modes of to-day.

André Hugo offers a practical solution to the problem of what to do with the hair whilst it is growing. An oval frame with holes at either side through which the hair is passed keeps the very short ends from getting untidy and makes a firm foundation on which to pin the longer strands into a coil. These frames are sold at 10s. 6d. each. That M. Hugo has studied the needs of modern woman is shown in his newly decorated premises at Sloane Street. Here one may sit whilst the serious business of washing, cutting, waving, or massage is in progress, in large, airy rooms, decorated in quiet soft colourings.

The charm of the fringe is demonstrated by Emile of Conduit Street, who completes this simple coiffure by soft, deep waves falling about the ears

Andre Hugo of Sloane Street proffers a delightful coiffure for the woman who favours short hair. The hair lies flat on the top of the head while little curls fall softly on to the cheeks and around the neck, cleverly accentuating the contour of a well shaped head

The Victorian style triumphs over the hard masculinity of the Eton crop. Emile, Conduit Street

Stewart's (at top) put forward yet another treatment for growing hair. Tiny rolls nestle at the nape of the neck, imparting an unsophisticated and almost Victorian simplicity

Andre Hugo also offers a practical solution to the problem of the growing hair — an oval frame with holes at either end through which the hair is passed

Emile of Conduit Street has discovered a new method of tapering the hair so that no matter how thick one's hair, it can always be thinned out to lie flat, giving the fashionable sculptured effect which the present-day demands. Two very new coiffures by Emile are sketched on this page.

PARIS CALLING

A Cocktail Causerie from the Gay City

By PEARL ADAM

INTERLUDE.—Comparative peace has settled on this city with the closing of the Motor Show. Our next excitement will be the Autumn Salon, and we are all wondering how the pictures will look under the clean roof that lets the light in instead of the murky twilight of the past. It is just as well for artists that the Grand Palais is used for such a fashionable exhibition as that of the Automobile, for now they are going to benefit by all that was done to the Grand Palais to prepare it for its horseless carriages.

Undoubtedly the principal subject of interest in Paris at this time of the year is always the re-opening of the theatrical season. This one is of particular importance because during the summer there was practically nothing worth seeing in any Paris theatre. Now we hardly know how to fit in all the entertainments that are on the list of those that "you positively must go and see, my dear."

DE L'AUDACE.—There is Elvire Popesco laughing and crying and talking her way through a very silly play called *Le Rendez-Vous*. One of the Acts is situated in a mountain hut during an avalanche ; it sways from side to side in a manner so reminiscent of *The Gold Rush* that one has all the pleasure of remembering that masterpiece to help one in bearing with the much inferior "gay comedy." Without Elvire Popesco one wonders how the evening could be got through. Then there is Alfred Savoir's play, *La Petite Catherine*. This is all about Catherine the Great when she was young, and a pretty minx she seems to have been I do not think staid old London, in spite of its gratitude for *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, is likely to see Mr. Savoir's latest play. At any rate it will not see much of it after the Censor has done his best, or his worst. The dresses are quite wonderful, and will make envious the modern man who is getting so gay in his clothes.

ENCORE DE L'AUDACE.—Henri Duvernois has written a four-act play (the four-acter is coming back very much into fashion), which he has called purely and simply *Heart*. It is one of those plays which hesitate between being serious psychological studies and ordinary comedies. A fickle man and his faithful wife are so efficiently treated by a psycho-analyst that he falls in love with her and she gets tired of him. Neither of them, after the first flush of enthusiasm, is at all pleased with the change, and so they ask him to put them back as they were. It is perhaps the sign of the times that both the hero and the heroine have one Christian-name belonging to a man and one belonging to a woman (he is Jean-Marie and she is Claude-Yvonne), a matter more easy in France than in England, where we have comparatively few names applicable to both sexes. Personally I thought it very suitable, for I did not think Claude-Yvonne was a lady, and I did not think Jean-Marie was a gentleman, even by their manners.

Charles Méré's new play at the Renaissance has the very dislikeable title of *The Flesh*. It is all about jealousy. Not even reading Othello will stop modern artists from trying their hands at this subject ; and indeed, to judge by their work, most of them have avoided this painful method of proving to themselves that the thing has really been done once and for all. The main interest of the new play on this theme is that the long-talked-of revolving stage has really been installed at the Renaissance, so that one watches the characters walking from one room to another just as in the film. The novelty of this occupies the audience, but it becomes very wearisome when it happens too often—a good many film producers would do well to realize it for themselves when they keep switching the camera backwards and forwards between two people in the same room. The play was specially written for this theatre because of the new stage, and unfortunately it shows it.

Antoine Bibesco is making all Paris laugh with *Mon Héritier*. All his personages are English, but a good deal of his method is quite Latin. The play is pleasant in spite of being satirical. Paris likes this mixture ; she is getting tired of the unadulterated wit which often, to the ordinary persons, seems indistinguishable from unadulterated spite. The French playwright of to-morrow, I feel pretty sure, is going to be the man who sees life as partly feeling and partly thought, with a great dash of not necessarily ill-natured laughter to sweeten it. It is an old formula, but its turn is about due again. Natural things do sometimes become fashionable. The box-keeper at the Mathurins must be noticing that, for he is a busy man.

"The FIRSTEST FRIEND"

A Page for Dog Lovers—With Hints to the Incipient Owner or Breeder on Canine Care

TAKING A PULSE: Place the right hand below and inside the fore leg in the manner shown above. Normal in a big dog is about 80, and in a small dog about 100. The pulse is apt to slow with age

MAINLY HAIR: A "yappery" of Maltese puppies—if that, as has been suggested, is the correct noun of assemblage for youthful canines—at the Toy Dog Show held last week at the Crystal Palace. Maltese were a very popular breed at one time, but have been displaced of late by the snuffling "Peke" and, latest of all, by the long "sausage dogs"—i.e. dachshunds

GIVING A PILL: To administer a pill to a dog is not an easy task, and assistance may be needed. To prevent the mouth closing, the lower lips are gently pressed with the right hand over the teeth

On left—*THE BODYGUARD: A traditional foe to felines guards the household cat—a delightful domestic study from Hertford*

REFLECTION: The grotesque attraction of Britain's canine emblem seen from two points of view. Width of chest and tenacity of grip are points for which the breed are noted

CURING CANKER: This common complaint must be taken in time. The ear is folded back and the lotion is allowed to trickle slowly into the cavity, concentrating on the affected spot

POWDER: To give a dog a powder, put the dose on cardboard, press the lips gently on to the teeth and the cardboard is then placed as far back on the tongue as possible

MEDICINE: To give a dog physic is no easy task. One must pull the loose skin of the jowl into a natural funnel and introduce the point of a spoon, pouring the liquid into the canine gullet

THE RECORD BREAKER: "Mikeve," a three-year-old Alsatian owned by Mr. Michael Sapper of Chelsea has negotiated a high jump of 9 ft. 6 in. and a long jump of 24 ft. These are believed to be world records. He also carries his master's bag when Mr. Sapper goes cycling. "Mikeve" is also an acrobat of distinction

FOOTBALL IN THE MALL

Just about a hundred years before Association Football, just about a hundred years before Rugby, Guinness were brewing the same natural beverage which builds up the muscles, the nerves, the stamina of athletes.

A hundred and seventy years ago a few barrels of Guinness were brewed. The quality was so fine, the public appreciation so great, that to-day millions of glasses of Guinness are sold daily, and the Guinness Brewery is by far the largest in the World

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

GE 68A

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE NON-EXISTENT ENGINE-PUMP.—Most of us have by now paid our visit to Olympia, and I feel certain that no one has come away disappointed with the Show. As I said before there is nothing frantically startling, though on the other hand the general design of motor-cars has progressed. Now that we have seen all that there is on view I think it would be interesting to make note of the various improvements that are not to be seen this year but which we hope will become part of the standard equipment in the not very distant future. The first improvement that I am waiting for is in connection with tyres. Since the days of the War, tyres themselves have improved beyond our wildest dreams. To-day we are quite disappointed if our covers do not last 15,000 miles, and I must confess, speaking from personal experience, that almost without exception my tyres have had this useful life. In order to extract this mileage our tyres have to receive constant attention, for should we run them over any considerable distance in an under-inflated condition trouble soon descends. We are told—and the wise motorists obeys—to test our tyres every Friday to see what the pressure may be. In a week a drop in the pressure is usually registered which entails quite a strenuous amount of work in pumping. The ideal arrangement will be one whereby the tyres automatically look after their own pressure, and I cannot believe that this problem is any more difficult than many others that have been solved before. However, should it be too complicated I fail to understand why the engine of our car cannot be employed to actuate the inflating pump instead of performing the operation by hand. When I owned a belt-driven cycle-car in 1913 my equipment included such a device, and its non-existence to-day is therefore all the more puzzling. True it was an extra fitment, and in order to use it I had to remove a sparking-plug, but with the knowledge that designers possess in these times it should be quite a simple matter to arrange for some of the many horses under the bonnet to perform this irksome task without extracting and inserting anything in a sparking-plug hole.

THE CAR OF HONOUR: Sir William and Lady Neal, the newly elected Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with a Rolls-Royce car just before Sir William's investiture with a Knighthood by H.M. the King at Buckingham Palace

THAT HA'PORTH OF TAR.—The windscreen wiper is one of the most useful gadgets that is at present fitted to a car; in fact I should say that without it we should all be still driving about in open tourers instead of in saloons, but the wiper is still far from being perfect. I want one that always wipes the surface of the glass perfectly clean, I want one that will automatically remove itself from my line of vision when I switch it off, and further I want one that will not make a noise. I have seen specimens that do one or more of these things, but not one that can boast of all three qualities. Olympia this year has not produced it, but I see no reason why the Gallery in 1931 should not.

To-day no car of any repute is sold without a reserve petrol installation. This practice is now so common that it is a rare sight to see a reserve tin of petrol being carried. This provision for trapping the last two gallons or so in the tank is a step in the right direction, but I for one strongly object to being forced to get out and turn the tap on at the back of the car. On some models the designers have evidently given thought to this inconvenience and have endeavoured to meet the wishes of the owner. On my own two-litre Lagonda the reserve tap is placed under the dash just at the passenger's feet, but even that is not satisfactory, first of all because the passenger may not enjoy having his or her feet tickled by the driver who has to grope about in the dark as he must still keep his eyes fixed ahead on the road. I want this reserve petrol tap fitted either in the centre of the steering-wheel, where the control switches for the lights, etc., are now being placed, or at any rate somewhere that I can reach without turning myself into a contortionist. I don't think I am asking too much to have my wishes met in this respect.

The electric storage battery is another part of the car's equipment which has been improved wonderfully in the past ten years, but being a lazy motorist mine is always neglected until it figuratively sits up and begs for attention. I strongly dislike pulling up carpets, messy floor boards, and removing acid covered vent-plugs in order to pour in horribly expensive and difficult to obtain distilled water. I know that water whether it is

(Continued on following page)

London's leading Hostesses, including the Countess of Oxford & Asquith, dine by "Nell Gwynn" candle-light.

Aldwych

The Charm of "Nell Gwynn" Candles

THE perfect success of any social affair depends on atmosphere. To obtain this when dining, nothing is so important as the decoration and the lighting of the table.

In themselves, "Nell Gwynn" Candles form a lovely adornment to the dining table, but light them and then see how beautiful is "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light—soft, mellow and alluring. Watch how the silver sparkles and the glassware gleams. When your guests forgather note how, by candle-light, the older ones look young again, how, too, the beauty of youth is enhanced. Here is warmth, hospitality, romance. Everyone is at ease. Talk flows wittily and without constraint.

For burning on the dining table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn" 'ANTIQUE' Candles; these taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed, not surface tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

Decorative value of "Nell Gwynn" Candles

"Nell Gwynn" Candles possess wonderful decorative value; they are slender and lovely in shape and are made in 36 different hues to tone with any colour scheme. They will bring a much wanted touch of colour to gloomy winter rooms.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are made by the centuries-old firm, J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., London, S.E. 1, and can be obtained in many sizes and ten different varieties.

A Most Welcome Gift

"Nell Gwynn" Candles have always been most acceptable gifts. They are inexpensive, the smallest size costing only 9d. per box of two candles. Now there is a special new gift box containing four 14" Candles with four coloured candlesticks to match. This lovely box costs only 5/-

For further information, please write for a delightful free booklet with coloured illustrations called "Lights of Other Days," J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. "G.," London, S.E. 1. Established 1642, in the reign of Charles I.

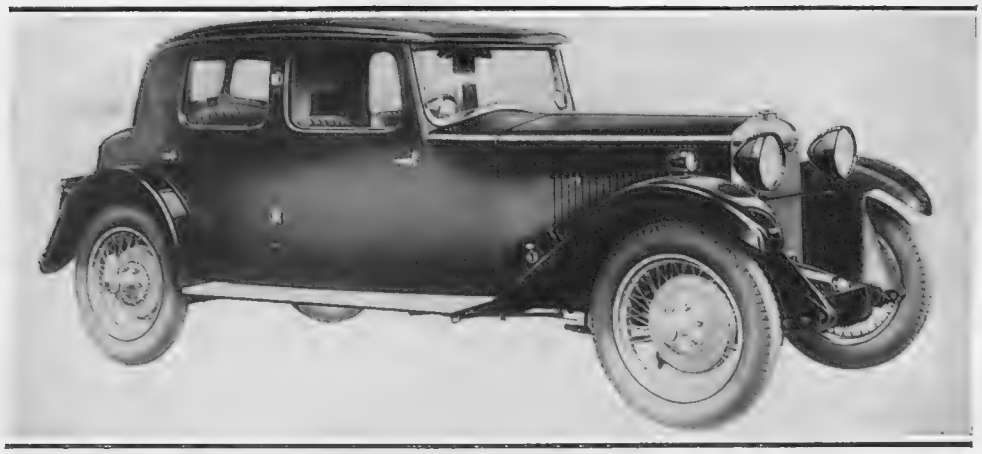
"BLUE AND GOLD TOURS" TO SOUTH AFRICA

The South African Railways, in association with the leading Shipping Lines on the African routes, have organised an attractive programme of sunshine tours to South Africa for the coming Winter.

Sailings from British and Continental ports will be made at frequent intervals between 8th November, 1930, and 30th January, 1931. The steamer fares, on a liberal concessionary basis for the return voyage of 12,000 miles, are unique in travel values.

A comprehensive series of rail tours in South Africa has been arranged in conjunction with the steamship sailings, and the inclusive costs of the combined sea and land tours range, according to duration, class of accommodation, etc., from £70 to £205.

The full descriptive programme "Blue and Gold Tours" will be sent ***post free*** on request. Apply:—The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and the leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.



STELVIO II : The 14-h.p. six-cylinder Riley fabric saloon known as the Stelvio II model. The Riley stand at Olympia was a true representative of 1931 motoring values

pure or impure will evaporate if it is allowed, but I cannot see why it should be permitted to disappear into thin air. I will not venture to suggest how to stop it because that is a matter for the makers of batteries, and I hope they will tackle the problem instead of diverting their energies in trying to extract more from a battery than they put into it.

CONSIDERING THE OWNER-DRIVER.—I notice at Olympia many car-makers have been following the example of Lagonda's in arranging all the greasing nipples in one or two convenient groups so that the owner does not have to spend many valuable minutes finding out where the greasers are situated instead of getting on with the good work. Such a development is to be thoroughly commended, but I hope that no one will imagine that the acme of lubrication perfection has then been reached. I see no reason why my willing engine should not be compelled to do the work for me. I pay for it, and it should be my willing and obedient servant. Why should it lie quietly under the bonnet doing nothing at all whilst I expend energy in forcing grease into many parts of the chassis. Car-makers in the future will have to see that my engine does this job for me. I shall not object to pouring oil into the engine sump, but having done that I shall expect the engine to pump the necessary proportions to all parts of the chassis that require lubrication. Whilst on this subject I regret to say that although Lagondas have been copied in the respect I have mentioned, other makers forgot to imitate them by designing the replenishment part of the sump in such a way that a quart of oil can be poured straight in from the garage pump or the tin without having to wait innumerable minutes whilst the oil trickles through a fine-mesh gauze.

I noticed with great satisfaction that one firm at Olympia were exhibiting shock-absorbers that could be adjusted from the driving seat. That improvement is really good because it is impossible to say when the correct adjustment of these vital fittings has been made without testing the car on the road. In the past the process has been so laborious that I feel certain nine out of ten cars never derived any benefit at all from their shock-absorbers. Even with this new idea I am afraid that a large percentage of motorists are not sufficiently knowledgeable to know when the shock-absorbers are adjusted to the best advantage. We therefore require some sort of indicating dial that will tell us at a glance if the friction surfaces are at the correct pressure.

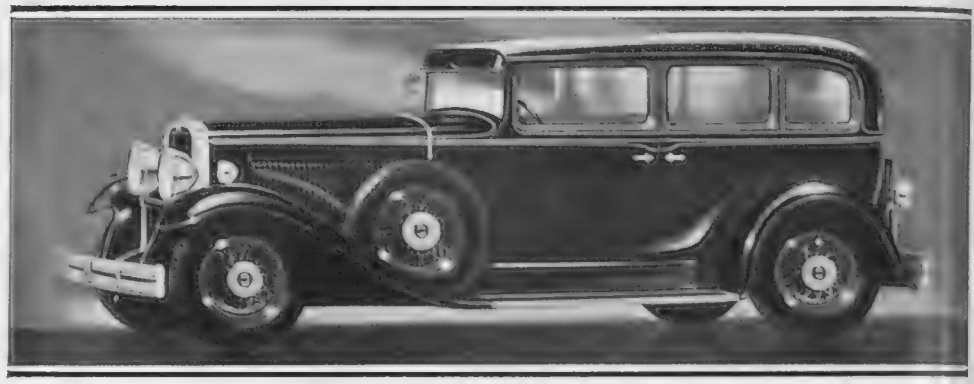
THE PERFECT BRAKE. — Brakes have undoubtedly received a wonderful amount of attention during the past season, and I noticed at Olympia that quite a number of manufacturers have adopted the hydraulic system, which of course has much to be said in its favour. It more or less automatically looks after its own compensation and it definitely removes everything which might give rise to noise, but I am a difficult person to please where brakes are concerned. During 364 days of the year I want to feel that I have not used more than 50 per cent. of my available braking power. I do not desire to be called upon for much exertion in applying the brakes, I do not want them to require relining for about 40,000 miles, I want them to give each wheel its pre-determined retarding effect, and I want them to be free from rattle or any tendency to scream. The braking systems on the majority of British cars still leaves a lot to be desired, but I am convinced that if manufacturers will instruct their designers to devote to them, say, half the time that they now allocate to engines, we shall have far safer and much more pleasant motor-cars to drive than we do at present.

I do not wish my readers to run away with the idea that I am dissatisfied with the Show. No finer exhibition of motor-cars has ever been seen before, and the 1931 models are a great step in advance on their 1930 predecessors. What I have written is merely to indicate that the motor-car has still a long way to go before it can be called perfect. What designers have to aim at is

(*Continued on following page*)

The PETROL World—(cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

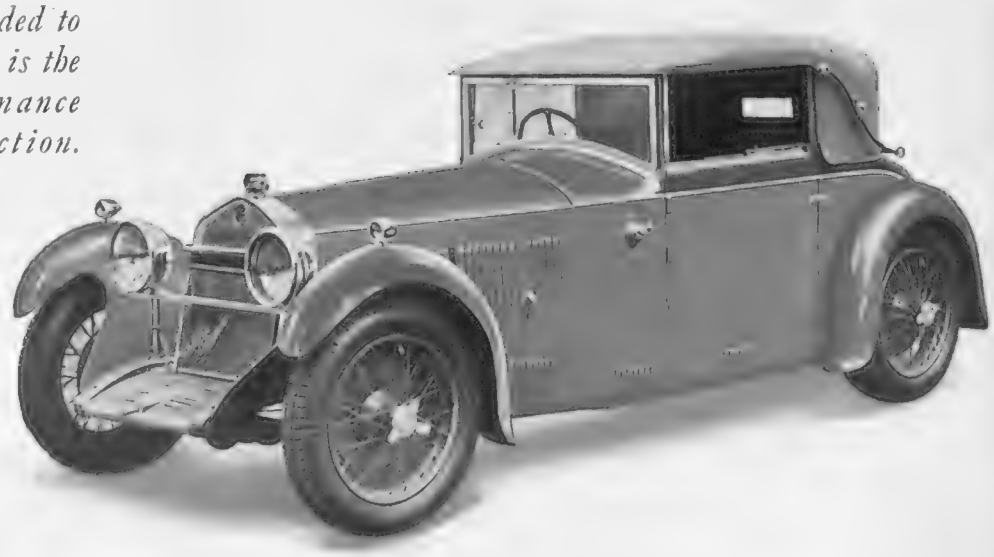


A BARGAIN : The eight-cylinder 26·4-h.p. five-seater Nash saloon fitted with a nine-bearing crankshaft and aluminium alloy pistons. This car is listed at the astonishingly moderate price of £385

OLYMPIA
STAND
137

Merit

Merit is not accorded to indefinite result—it is the award of performance worthy of distinction.



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The PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from p.* 188)

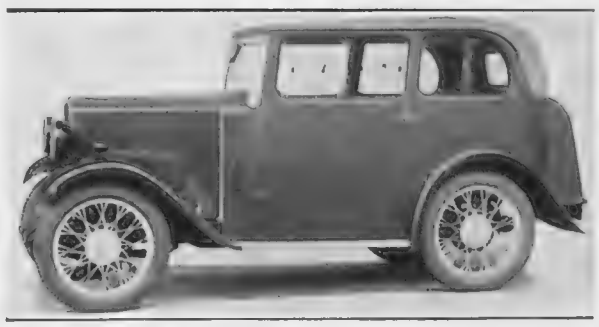
the construction of a vehicle that requires practically no attention at all to keep it in a proper and efficient state. I reckon that the wireless manufacturer has outstripped his automobile counterpart, for he has produced sets which do their job without any attention except pulling out a knob or turning a small handle. I realize that the conditions of the two trades are widely different, but we in the motoring world know quite well that we have just as clever, if not cleverer, brains devoted to automobile designing than ever entered the sphere of electricity. We are grateful for what we have, but like true human beings we want more.

GADGETS EXTRAORDINARY.—The Show is so vast in extent that at every visit something new is noticed. When I was there the other day several things made me stop and investigate. First of all I found myself looking at the new Schrader gauge for balloon tyres. Most of us are conversant with what must now be looked upon as the old Schrader gauge, and so I will detail the improvements to be seen on the latest. First of all, instead of a graduated cylinder being blown out by the pressure in the tyre, a small flat metal strip is used in the same way for the readings. It can be swivelled round so that the divisions on it can be read at any angle. This metal strip has also a small nick at its extremity which can be used conveniently for pressing down the valve-plunger in case the tyre is too hard. The point of application is now arranged at an angle to the main body of the gauge, thus allowing the owner to use it with tyres the valves of which come out at an angle from the rim. The price of this new gauge is the same as that of the old one.

My next stop was at the stand of Joseph Lucas, Limited, and there I noticed several new accessories. First of all, their new high-powered projectors are now being made without the auxiliary bulb, and in its place the motorist is recommended to have a new centre lamp which matches the big projectors and which is operated by a most ingenious foot-switch. This third lamp is intended to be mounted between the two larger ones and set at an angle so that it may direct its rays on to the nearside kerb when the main lights are put out.

On the occasion in question there was quite a crowd round the Wakefield stand, which has its usual attraction of oil circulating through yards of glass tubing. I do not know that this proves anything at all, but that should not worry anyone, as the good qualities of Castrol oil are too well-known to require any artificial demonstration. B.P. petrol is brought to the notice of visitors very forcibly by a very ingenious-working model of a petrol refinery. This shows very clearly all the complicated processes and stages through which the new B.P. passes before the user has it pumped into his tank. As we are rather apt to take such commonplace substances as B.P. petrol for granted, it is well worth stopping a minute or two to understand what a really complicated liquid we use in our cars.

INDIA OF INCHINNAN.—I don't think I have ever been more interested in looking at a display of tyres than I was when I stopped at the stand of the India Tyre and Rubber Co. (Great Britain), Ltd. India covers are now well known to all motorists, and are easily recognized by the red ring around the walls. Using my powers of observation, I can say definitely that they are becoming more and more popular every day. I was more than interested in their insurance scheme, which was carefully explained to me. In short, the purchaser of an India tyre is insured against all damage to that tyre for one year in the case of a privately-owned car, or for six months when the tyres run on any other type of vehicle. When manufacturers give a practical proof of reliability one can assume that their products are more than usually good.

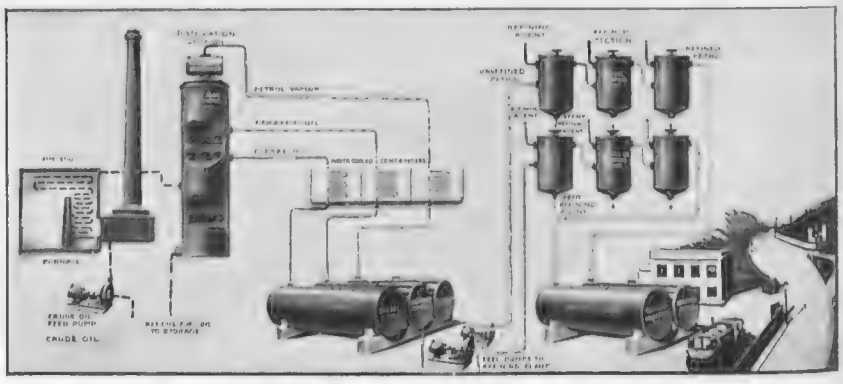


CONCENTRATED LUXURY: The 1931 Triumph Super-Seven fabric saloon de luxe. Although this Triumph is of the "baby" class it has the power and "feel" of a large car

K.L.G. Plugs, Ltd., are showing their new models, and as might be expected, these look to be real businesslike jobs. Instead of having almost hundreds of different types, as was the case in the past, the manufacturers have been able to get even better results than before for every type of car with just six models.

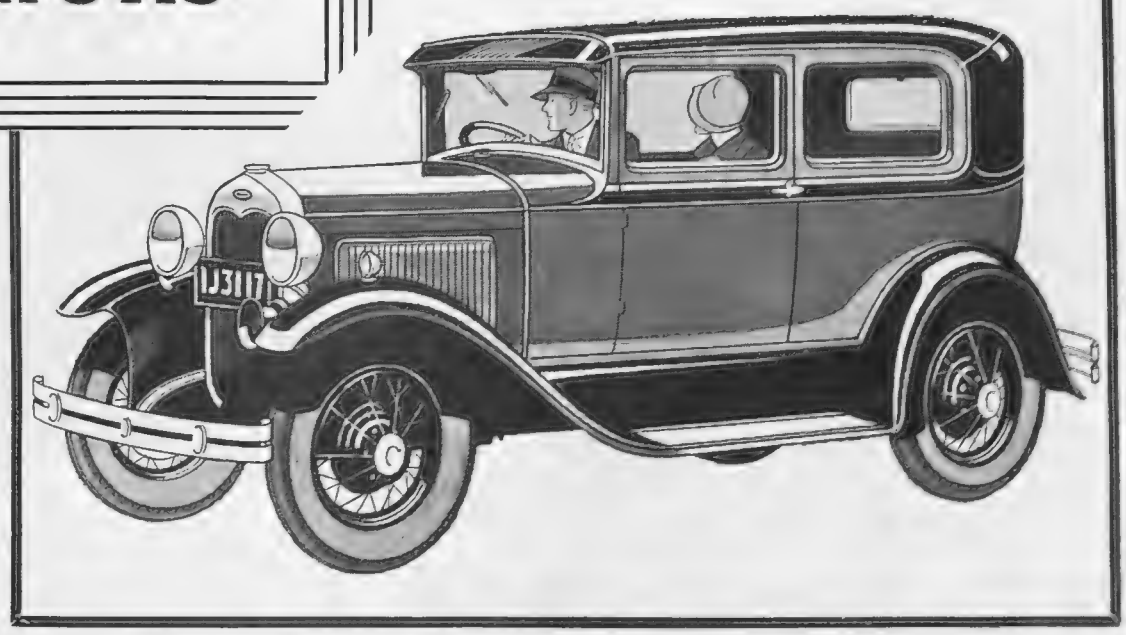
Those of us who do not own a 1931 model car would do well to look at the new detachable wheels on the Dunlop Stand. These have an enlarged hub inside which are situated the nuts which hold the wheel in position. By this new design these nuts are shielded from the ravages of mud and water, and the whole wheel is given a much neater appearance. Down on the ground floor I found a crowd round the stand of Eccles Motor-Caravans, Ltd. Several new models are on view, and the equipment is even more elaborate than before. Motorists who do not desire to purchase one of these movable homes outright can hire one through the London Caravan Company, 154, Great Portland Street, London, W.

A MAMMOTH CRUISER.—Of all the exhibits at Olympia I must confess that I was more thrilled with the colossal motor-cruiser shown on the stand of John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., in the new Empire Hall. I could happily spend an hour or so looking over it, but in particular I would draw my readers' attention to the engines that are installed. The size of these is awe-inspiring, and it is interesting to note that a small four-cylinder 10-h.p. unit is coupled up with the gigantic engine for the purposes of slow manœuvring. My strong advice is not to sacrifice this stand for the sake of a few extra minutes.



FROM CRUDE TO CAR: A very ingenious working model of a petrol refinery, showing very clearly all the complicated processes and stages through which the new B.P. motor spirit passes before the makers consider it good enough to run the modern car

New FORD PRICE Reductions



New Ford Tudor Saloon now only £180 at Works, Manchester.

Reductions range from £15 to £25

"Why should the price of Ford cars be still further reduced? They were already priced far below value."

That sums up the opinion of the great majority of British motorists. Owners of new Ford cars are spreading the news of Ford performance, economy and long life—value far above the price. More people than ever before throughout the British Isles are buying New Ford cars.

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The answer to that question is that the growing demand for New Ford cars makes possible still further production economies in the Ford works at Manchester. It is the well-known policy of the British Ford organization to pass production savings along to the public in the form of lower prices, regardless of how low Ford prices may be.

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We suggest that you talk to present owners of the New Ford and to your nearest Ford dealer. Learn first-hand how well the New Ford runs. How easily it drives. How safely it holds the road at fast speeds. How economical it is—where fuel, oil, insurance, depreciation and repairs are concerned—and how many years of care-free motoring the New Ford gives. The Ford dealer will be more than willing to show you how beautifully the New Ford performs in traffic and on hills, and how steadily and safely it runs.

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(at Works, Manchester).

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3 weeks' spa course at BATH for 4½ guineas

DURING the Autumn Season, October, November, and December, Bath is offering a complete course of the celebrated spa treatment—the radio-active waters, baths, douches, massage, electrical treatment, admission to the daily concerts by the Pump Room Orchestra and other entertainments, and all the amenities of the Pump Room for three weeks for an inclusive fee of four-and-a-half guineas.

In all rheumatic conditions, in kidney disorders, and in many other diseases there is no more effective treatment than a spa course at Bath—the only hot springs in Britain.

Autumn at Bath is as delightful as it is beneficial. The Pump Room Orchestra, under the baton of Edward Dunn, Hon. F.R.M.C.M., is giving a particularly interesting series of symphony and other concerts this season, and many of the leading artistes of the day have been engaged. The Pump Room Dances provide entertainment for visitors and residents from the surrounding counties.

At Bath are some of the most comfortable hotels to be found anywhere, attractive shops—Bath has long been recognised as the shopping centre of the West—and antique galleries known to collectors the world over.

Bath is only an hour-and-three-quarters from London by G.W.R. non-stop expresses from Paddington. All railway information from any G.W.R. station, office or agency.

For all, or any of these publications :–

1. *Pamphlet giving full particulars of the Bath Cure Ticket ;*
2. *Performance of Music for the Season ;*
3. *The "Book of Bath" ;*

or any other information, write to John Hatton, Secretary, The Baths, Bath.

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2

3

WHERE PICKWICK TOOK THE WATERS : The entrance to the Pump Room

Everyone has heard of Bath and its hot springs, which are not only the most highly radio-active waters in Britain but are unique in being hot. The fame of Bath as a health resort is centuries old, and this has in some measure served to obscure the fact that it is to-day a delightful centre of social life and enjoyment for those who need no cure and who can by no means be described as invalids.

Everyone who has visited Bath recognizes its charm and the urbane atmosphere which it has preserved right down to our own times from the leisured period of the Georgian era, when it was one of the great resorts of Europe.

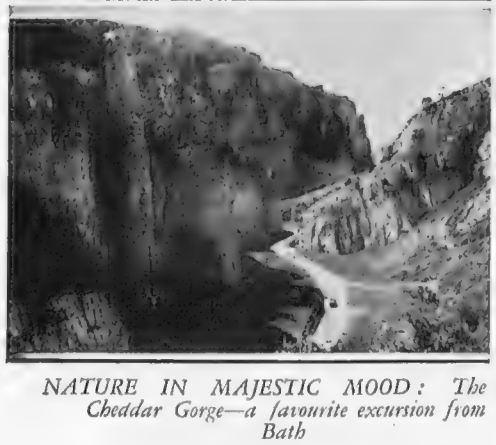
There is, indeed, something very fascinating about Bath in the continuity of its social history, reaching from Roman times down to the present day.

Roman Bath, remains of which constitute the most complete survival of its kind in England, are among the finest in the whole world. But it is modern in spirit notwithstanding all its antiquity and its charming survivals of the wonderful and spacious architecture of Ralph Allen and his co-workers of Georgian times, when all ancient buildings and the slum areas were swept away and were replaced by the beautiful terraces and crescents, and fine houses, wide, boulevard-like, tree-shaded streets, and the charm of the definite planning that at this period contributed to make Bath the beautiful city that it is to-day. Bath has not stood still, and although it is perhaps the most wonderful and perfect example of an eighteenth-century town so far as modern ideas can be adopted without the destruction of its beauty and amenities, Bath has been brought up to date.

Situated from fifty to four hundred feet above sea level and built on terraces on the green hillsides which form a natural amphitheatre, it has a unique charm and beauty of its own. There is no place, indeed, in the United Kingdom exactly like Bath.

The Abbey, which is one of Bath's greatest charms, stands on the site of a College of Secular Canons founded by Offa, King of Mercia. Then came a larger church built at the latter part of the eleventh century; and the present beautiful Abbey dates from the last year of the fifteenth century and has the distinction of being the last ecclesiastical building to be completed before the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

Quite a number of famous people have been buried in the Abbey, among them Beau Nash, who in the eighteenth century was known by the title of the "King of Bath" by reason of the great part he played in making the city a fashionable resort and in organizing its social life.



NATURE IN MAJESTIC MOOD : The Cheddar Gorge—a favourite excursion from Bath

THE SPHERE

BATH

By CL

Bath has a wonderful record, centuries long, as a centre of healing, and to it have come at various times most of those distinguished in history, literature and art. And no place in the kingdom can claim a greater number of famous people than those who have lived in or visited the town. Almost every one of the great houses, which give so fascinating a character to the city, have associations with more or less famous people. It was here, in a cottage on the slope of Crowe Hill, that Henry Fielding lived for a time and wrote portions of *Tom Jones* and other novels.

Bath has often figured in works of fiction and has been described lovingly and in detail by several classic writers, and one does not forget that Sheridan placed several scenes of his play, *The Rivals*, in the beautiful gardens beside the Avon.

To-day Bath has the finest, most up-to-date, and most completely-equipped establishment or cure-station in the British Isles, and can indeed compete on level terms with the most famous of Continental spas in the efficacy and variety of the treatments which are available for rheumatism and kindred diseases.

THE HEART OF ENGLISH CH Arthurian legend and, by tradi

The hot springs for which the city is so famous, and have since Roman times been the means of restoring to multitudes of the sick and suffering health and strength, are nowadays the property of the municipal authorities and are under Corporation management. The radio-active water is one of the most successful methods of treatment, and up-to-date are all the appliances : some of the baths are fitted with chairs in which the helpless patients are lowered into the water for treatment.

The natural radio-active water has been found very efficacious, and not only is water-cure a very important factor of treatment, but radio-active gas, which has been found to be a very valuable curative element, may be inhaled, and frequently applied, equally with mineral water, for the cure of throat and nose complaints. It may be also mentioned that the mud-"pack" treatments, so popular and successful at some Continental spas, have also been adopted at Bath. There are also large swimming baths of the mineral water which are very largely patronized.

The famous old eighteenth-century Pump Room, so typical of the period in which it was thronged by famous and fashionable people when Beau Nash was at the height of his fame, is now used as a rendezvous, where the water is served for drinking purposes. It is still indeed the favourite meeting place for those who visit the city, whether they are invalids or merely enjoying a holiday and the charm and amenities of this ancient town

TRAVEL

A Resort for Golden Autumn and White Winter

HOLLAND

No visitor to Bath can fail to be attracted by its fine shops, air of leisured prosperity, beautifully-kept streets, fine and even imposing houses, and the excellent hotels and other accommodation for which the town has long been famous. From the heights above the town most beautiful views of the Avon, the city itself, and the surrounding country are obtained, and on clear days the silvery waters of the Bristol Channel are to be glimpsed on the north-western horizon lying like a silver streak in the sunshine.

Visitors to Bath have no cause to complain of any lack of means of recreation, for there are splendid facilities for golf, tennis, badminton, bowls, boating on the Avon, and there are putting greens, an archery ground, and constant series of high-class concerts, theatrical entertainments, and several cinemas. The new pavilion, just recently built, with a seating capacity of 1,500, will prove an added attraction in the way of entertainments. The town is also situated in a fine hunting country, and is a famous centre of the Beaufort Hunt.

Motorists will also find Bath an admirable centre from which to explore a particularly interesting and beautiful countryside, for within easy distance one

M: Glastonbury Abbey, redolent of ...t where Joseph of Arimathea planted his ...ering staff

has the sea at Clevedon, Weston-super-Mare, and Burnham.

Quite close to Bath is one of the most unique natural phenomena in the West Country, known as the Cheddar Cliffs. These constitute a vast gorge with towering cliffs; almost, indeed, like a miniature canyon, and the more impressive from the fact that it is set in the midst of a countryside so pastoral and beautiful as that of Somerset. The winding roadway is bordered on either side by towering cliffs which have been broken by wind and weather into fantastic shapes, covered in many places by the greenery of ferns and small bushes which have gained a foothold no one knows exactly how.

There are also famous caverns known as long ago as the middle of the twelfth century, and only re-discovered between the years 1837 and the last decade of the nineteenth century. These enormous caverns, which run for over 600 yards beneath the Mendip Hills, are a perfect wonderland with their amazing variety of stalactites and stalagmites, which are of wonderful colours ranging from snow-white to deep red, green, blue, and orange.

The little village of Cheddar in itself is a charming place, with a notable Early Perpendicular church, some interesting monuments, and an unusually fine roof. Here, indeed, one is right in the heart of the Mendip country, which is so rich in picturesque villages.

Then easily reached from Bath by those who like fine, open scenery is Exmoor, almost as wild and lonely as better-known

THE COUNTRYSIDE AROUND BATH: English Combe is a delightfully rural hamlet near Bath

Dartmoor, and made famous by Blackmore's famous novel, *Lorna Doone*.

Glastonbury is another attraction for motorists easily reached from Bath. It is said that when St. Augustine came to Glastonbury he found a tiny church that had been in existence for over a century and was supposed to have been founded by Joseph of Arimathea. Whether the legend of this very early church is correct or not, it is certain that the place has always been held in especial veneration.

The romantic and historic interest of Glastonbury is added to by the presence close by of a hill, once the Isle of Avalon, from whence it is said King Arthur and his Knights set out on their quest for the Holy Grail. It was beneath the High Altar of Glastonbury Abbey that King Arthur and Fair Guinevere were buried, and their coffin was found by King Henry II. It was afterwards opened, and their bodies were actually seen by King Edward I and Queen Eleanor in a perfect state of preservation before they crumbled to dust.

To-day Glastonbury forms one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical ruins in England, and the little town possesses a charming inn built in the fifteenth century for the accommodation of pilgrims, very richly carved, and also a fine parish church, and almshouses with a chapel founded in 1512.

Wells is but an easy morning's run from Bath, through beautiful country, and is still a town with an atmosphere of ancient times, shut in from the world by a circle of green hills. Wells is the cathedral and the cathedral is Wells. The town itself gives one the impression of having no real existence apart from its beautiful church.

No cathedral in England is like Wells, with its immense west front, on which are placed upwards of six hundred carved figures, life-size or larger, depicting kings and queens, nobles and ecclesiastics, and smaller statues representing scriptural subjects. During the Middle Ages all the figures of this wonderful western front were coloured, and must have presented a most gorgeous sight.

The cathedral is one of the most beautiful in England, with an exquisite lady chapel and much lovely stained glass. A feature of the interior that never fails to strike the visitor are the uncommon inverted arches in the nave. Then the old-world cloisters and the famous clock with its quaint mechanical figures of knights marking the hours are known to all. While the beautiful thirteenth-century Bishop's Palace, with its mellow brick walls washed by the waters of the surrounding moat, and the charming gardens, give to Wells a distinction which is unique of its kind.

"CONCORD OF SWEET SOUND": The Pump Room Orchestra, one of the great attractions of Bath

FOR THAT LATE HOLIDAY . . .

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The town of Sunshine, Flowers, and Tree-lined Avenues, and the most attractive Touring Centre in England.

England's most beautiful inland resort is now seen at its best. Every avenue a riot of crimson, green, and brown. Continental brightness and gaiety found nowhere else in England.

There is always something delightful to do at Cheltenham. Best Hotel accommodation with reasonable charges. Shops vieing with Bond Street, and evening amusements suiting every taste.

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Free Guide and all information from S. T. Allan-Burns, Spa Manager. Hotels booked. Amusement programme, etc. S. E. Bisset, Central Spa Bureau.

E.J.B. 543

THE SPA HOTEL BATH

THIS magnificent Hotel, with spacious and tastefully appointed Public Rooms, well-kept grounds of nine acres, Tennis, Croquet, Putting, Clock Golf, etc., Golf Club at rear of Hotel, Own Service Garage, Private Lock-ups, Hotel Laundry. Hotel Motor meets all trains and gives frequent service to the Pump Room (4 Mins.). Lift. Orchestra. The Hotel is renowned for its self-contained Suites, is the only Hotel in Bath with running Hot and Cold Softened Water and Radiators in all Rooms, and has a speciality of Bedrooms, Bath and Toilet en Suite.

With the addition of the new floor of 22 Bedrooms and Bathrooms, it is one of the best equipped Hotels outside of London.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT AND CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.

Telephone: St. Ives, 58. Telegraphic Address: "Tregotel, St. Ives, Cornwall."

The SPHERE OF TRAVEL

CHELTENHAM and its SPA

By AYLMER NORRIS

Cheltenham, delightfully situated in Gloucestershire, is one of the most carefully planned towns in the country. Placed on the sunny slopes of the Cotswolds, Cheltenham right down to the middle half of the eighteenth century was merely an obscure village. But fame was destined to come to it in 1715 when the medicinal properties of its waters were accidentally discovered, and a little later King George III gave it recognition as a health resort, paying it a visit to taste the waters and take the cure.

Fortunately for Cheltenham the period when it became necessary to replace the village by a town by reason of the growing fame of its waters happened to be one of a particularly pleasing era of architecture, when the charm of natural scenery was becoming more widely recognized and the fashion was for wide and well-planned streets. As a result Cheltenham was built on a generous scale with fine tree-shaded promenades and beautiful open spaces, and every advantage was taken of the natural beauties of the city, and much of its original charm has been preserved in this modern age.

The original well now supplies the Town Hall Central Spa and in the course of the years other wells and spas sprang up and in due course became popular. The Pittville Pump Room is a striking building modelled on the lines of a small Greek temple. The Regency period is responsible for the great Montpelier Rotunda, the handsome Winter Garden, and the imposing Town Hall. When the need arose for additional public buildings—an art gallery, museum, and public library—great care was taken that they should harmonize with those existing and dating from the eighteenth century. In them are housed magnificent collections of pictures, books, Greek and Roman bronzes, ancient glass, Chinese porcelain, and prehistoric remains that are admirably arranged and add materially to the interest of the town.

Only its interesting Parish Church, of Norman foundation, very considerably added to in the fourteenth century, serves to provide a link between Cheltenham of the past and that of the present.

Cheltenham, from its situation and the fact that some of its most charming portions are on higher ground than others, can offer a variation of climate that is more bracing or more mild as the visitor may desire. It is a sunny town, looking westward and south-westward across the smiling valley of the Severn and, indeed, the sunshine has not a little to do with the life of the Spa, for there is a gaiety and charm about the place that is very engaging. Tree-lined roads, open spaces, and beautiful parks, like Sandford Park with its murmuring brook, semi-tropical palms, flowers, trees, and trim, verdant lawns are a feature of the town. Pittville Park, on the northern side of the town, is charming with its two lakes, on which there is boating to be enjoyed, and is fifteen acres in extent.

A TOWN OF HEALTH AND BRIGHTNESS: A general view of the main street in Cheltenham

Perhaps to see Cheltenham well, and realize to the full the beauty and advantage of its situation, one should view it from the heights near the well-known Devil's Chimney on Leckhampton Hill, or obtain a closer bird's-eye view from Battledown Hill. Then one realizes to the full the loveliness of the countryside in the midst of which it is set.

Cheltenham, while offering all the advantages of a mineral Spa as regards "cures" and the amenities of a health resort, yet has great claims all the year round upon the attention of the normal type of holiday-maker.

It offers facilities for sports and games of all kinds—golf, tennis, cricket, bowls, hockey, water-polo, boating, and putting greens, and in addition is a good hunting centre, served by the Cotswold and other packs of foxhounds.

Of indoor amusements there is no end—for Cheltenham has a continuous season—and there is a good municipal orchestra, providing excellent concerts, with special artistes on occasions; theatrical performances by first-class companies at the beautiful theatre and opera house, and several high-class cinemas.

Several of the large hotels and cafés lay themselves out for *thés dansants* and supper dances, which provide pleasant amusement for the younger residents and visitors.

The town, too, is an excellent motoring centre, with numbers of tours of a half-day or whole-day character much picturesque country, and many beauty spots and interesting places within easy reach.

As a residential place and an educational centre there are few towns to compare with it, and this fact has now long been recognized, with a result that there is a very definite residential population of the class that makes for gaiety and a bright social life.

"Cheltenham is easily reached, but not so easily left," is a phrase which is true enough, and testifies to the attractiveness of the place.

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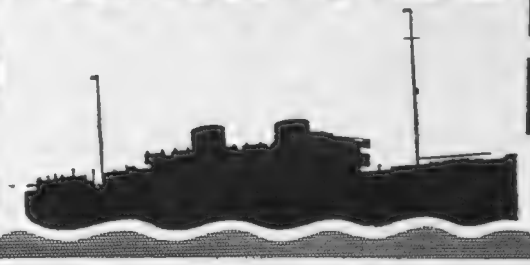

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The Film Till Now, by Paul Rotha (Jonathan Cape. 15s. net).—In a copiously-illustrated volume Mr. Paul Rotha tells the story of the development of the film and the cinema world from its early beginnings to the present time. His actual title is *The Film Till Now: a Survey of the Cinema.* The volume is concerned primarily with "The film as a film," to quote the author's own words, "as a dramatic expression rather than as a superficial entertainment; as a mental stimulant rather than as an amusement." He divides his volume into two parts—the first is concerned with the actual and the second with the theoretical. The discussion of the American film naturally takes pride of place, to be followed by an examination of the Soviet film, the German film, the French film, and lastly the British film; the author is very severe on American, British, and German films. He does not regard any of the output of these three countries as noble forms of entertainment. His highest praise, as far as we have discovered, is for the French film, *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc.* He writes "From a pictorial point of view the selection of visual images in this film has never before or since been approached in any production from any source whatsoever. . . . I have no compunction in saying that it was one of the most remarkable productions ever realized in the history and development of the theatre."

"I AM DEATH THAT NO MAN DREADETH": One of Thomas Derrick's powerful woodcuts to the new edition of "Everyman" (Dent)

The Romance of the Civil Service, by Samuel McKechnie (Sampson Low. 6s.).—Mr. McKechnie sets out to describe the rise and growth of the Civil Service, in fact what is usually known under the phrase of "Whitehall." Mr. Philip Snowden writes a foreword in which he says: "Mr. McKechnie's book is not intended to defend or praise the Civil Service. It is the story of the rise of the Civil Service, of its romantic history, and of the human element which has moulded our great national institutions. . . . I sincerely hope that this volume will serve not merely as an historical account of the Civil Service but that it will create among the general public a new interest in, and a greater appreciation of, a Service to which every citizen is very deeply indebted." The use of the word "indebted" might give some play to the cynical! Mr. McKechnie has given us a very readable volume, setting forth a multitude of interesting facts concerning the history of the various departments, and furthermore aided by illustrations many of which have been provided by the Federation of Civil Service Photographic Societies. The author is himself a Civil Servant and views the subject through somewhat more rosy spectacles than those of us who have outside dealings with the departments. The volume is produced at the extraordinarily cheap price of six shillings.

Jane Austen, by R. Brimley Johnson (Dent. 15s. net).—The many lovers of Jane Austen will find in this book a very complete account of her life and work. Mr. Brimley Johnson is well known for his many studies of Jane Austen (notably for the editing of the novels for the "Everyman Library"), and all his accumulated knowledge has been gathered into this volume which treats of her environment, her attitude towards life, her writings, and her critics. One sees Jane at the Vicarage at Steventon, in the nursery and schoolroom, with her brothers and sister, where she enjoyed the normal life of her day. Then came the short periods at Bath and Southampton, and finally the cottage at Chawton, where she settled down as an established writer. She had been busy writing from childhood, but nothing was published till after she came to Chawton. One gets a delicious picture of her in that small house at the cross roads where one branch goes off to Winchester. It is given by one of the nieces who tells how Jane, then about thirty-five always wore a cap, and spent her day first by making breakfast and giving out the tea and sugar, then sewing cleverly at satin-stitch or writing at her desk in the drawing-room, not minding the family, and after luncheon going into Alton or walking in the grounds of the "Great House" close by, which belonged to her brother Edward, or perhaps playing with cup and ball as a little relaxation. Another picture, given by another niece of the beloved Aunt Jane gives us a vision of how the inimitable novels were written—not under stress and agony as at Haworth Rectory, but in the heart of the domestic circle. "I also remember how Aunt Jane would sit quietly working beside the fire in the library, saying nothing for a good while, and then suddenly burst out laughing, jump up and run across the room to a table where pens and paper were lying, write something down, and then come back to the fire and go on quietly working as before."

For the LI

SHORTER NOTICES OF

The Early Life and Diaries of William Windham, by Robert Wyndham Ketton-Cremer (Faber and Faber. 15s. net). — To all but the very close students of eighteenth-century history William Windham is little known. Yet with the great men of his day — Pitt, Fox, and Burke — he moved as a familiar friend, distinguished not only by the holding of high office, but by his scholarship, his oratory, and his charm of manner. Macaulay describes him in a glowing passage as "the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham." Fanny Burney also writes of him as "the most agreeable, spirited, well-bred, and brilliant converser I have spoken with" . . . "a very pleasing though not handsome face, a very elegant figure, and an air of fashion and vivacity"—another Lord Orville indeed. It is of this paragon that Mr. Ketton-Cremer writes, giving us his early life and some of his diaries. The earlier chapters describe Windham's father — an interesting personality—and tell of the home-life at Felbrigge in Norfolk, and of the education of William, the only child of his parents. The diaries portray William as a complex character. He writes diffidently, as it were, of himself, he is constantly pursued with doubts, and is most introspective, whereas to the outer world he was all that was vigorous and assured, a man who was admired by Horace Walpole and loved by Doctor Johnson, whose deathbed he attended with loving care. Altogether an interesting character, one that might attract a novelist by its contradictions.

Climbs on Mont Blanc, by Jacques and Tour de Lépinez (Arnold. 10s. 6d.).—Ardent mountaineers will delight in this unassuming account of ascents of Mont Blanc from its various faces. The brothers de Lépinez describe their adventurous efforts in a pleasant, simple style which the translator has wisely retained. All the difficulties and dangers of the ascents are frankly related and balanced against the joy and exhilaration of the successful attainment, so that this book should be a guide and great assistance to all who possess the climbing "urge." To such the account of climbing the Petit Cloches de Planeuse, where the brothers had to swing themselves down by rope, will be thrilling and inspiring in spite of—or because of—the danger. "If one of us had let go he would inevitably have swung like a pendulum from his place of departure without being able to find a landing place." Scaling the smooth wall of the Chamonix face of the Peigne presents some difficulties which should interest all would be followers in this enthralling sport. The summit pinnacle rose above a magnificent, almost smooth wall with no hold but a diagonal crack surmounted by a chimney, and the crack, which ran out over an awe-

BRARY LIST

CENTLY PUBLISHED BOOKS

inspiring abyss, was narrow and devoid of holds. Jacque de Lépinez quietly states "it had a bad aspect," but proceeds to relate how he managed by painful effort to reach the top.

Star-dust in Hollywood, by Jim and Cora Gordon, with illustrations by the authors (Harrap. 12s. 6d. net).—The town where beauty is a drug on the market; the city which is responsible for more anomalies, not to say anachronisms, than any other in the world, the place of 40,000 hopers for a pound a day and the 40 achievers of a thousand a week, the spot which has "purity clauses" in its contracts and Aimée McPherson's broadcast messages for its orthodox faith—though most in Hollywood are "heretic" from it; the locality satirized for ever in "Voyage to Purilia" and romanticized for ever in the hearts of thousands, here is given a fair deal. There is plenty to scoff at or condemn, and plenty to admire. For the joint authors, however, especially for their humour and their illustrations, one has nothing but admiration. One only feels they have endowed Filmopolis with their own delightful spirits.

From Chariot to Car, by Robert J. Priest.—This delightful volume is, as may be divined from its title, a history of road transport. It is pre-eminently a book for the technician, but so clearly is it written, and so graphically illustrated, that those to whom a stage-coach is merely a vehicle in which Pickwick travelled, and an axle is a thing in the middle of a wheel, can appreciate the development of conveyances from the primitive carts of Tutankhamen to the superlative bodywork of King George V. The modern carriages illustrated are by Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders) Ltd. for whom the brochure is published by Burrow. Running concurrently with the later history of transport development is the history of the famous firm of Barkers, and the volume is embellished not only with illustrations of various types of vehicles pre-eminent in their day, but also with pages from the account books of early years still treasured by the great coachbuilding firm.

Verdun, by Marshal Pétain (Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 12s. 6d. net).—The most terrific of the many terrific engagements of the Great War, ranking as the epic of France, even as Mons stands as pre-eminently the high light of the B.E.F., is here told by the poilus' Marshal, Henri Philippe Pétain. As may be expected the tale is fearlessly narrated and the various phases of the titanic struggle vividly and clearly expressed. Fascinating and engrossing to the student of the military art, the volume is enthralling even to the layman who never knew the horrors of the War. As a record of heroism, brilliant strategy, and grim endurance, the story ranks with the highest. The style is, as might be expected from the stolid and solid Marshal who had in his make-up none of the spectacular element that characterized Nivelle, sombre, but the story is great enough to be enhanced by starkness. The translation, by Margaret McVeagh, is admirable.

A Satchel Guide to Spain and Portugal, by W. D. and S. G. Crockett (Allen and Unwin. 16s. net).—Brevity with comprehensiveness, nature unified with art, and a practical guide to the traveller, are the three aims the joint authors of this book have attempted—and achieved. Hotels, art galleries, monuments, secular and ecclesiastical, beauty spots—all are carefully dealt with. The volume is embellished with map and plans, and its itineraries will prove of great value both to the traveller familiar with the Iberian Peninsula and the neophyte. Those who go to Spain without this conveniently-sized book will be handicapping their enjoyment and comfort unduly.

Imperial Air Routes, by Major A. E. W. Salt, with an introduction by the late Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker (Murray. 6s. net).—Many books have been written on aviation from many angles, but this is the first to deal solely with the air routes of the Empire. From pioneer days Major Salt traces the development of the main Imperial ways and those of the Dominions and Colonies. A chapter on airships, and two on "Pleasures and Pains of Flight" and "Some Uses of Aircraft," conclude a masterly survey. The prose is unobtrusive and the volume will do much to assist in making air-minded the youth of the Empire.

Searchlight on America, by Thurslow Adams (Routledge. 12s. 6d. net).—This is one of the most balanced, one of the sanest books that has been written on a subject conducive, apparently, to exaggeration. The puffs that "God's Own Country" has had to endure have done as much harm to her cause as incredible tomes of the "Uncle Sham" type. Here is no burking of the many issues that are raised in the mind of the average man by the mention of America, but a reasoned analysis of the causes that have produced such an effect. The book is not sensational, but it is far from dull. *Searchlight on America* is calculated to knit England and America more closely than a hundred "hands across the sea" effusions.

BOOKS REVIEWED

by CECIL ROBERTS

(*Continued from page* 172)

order. But he had misunderstood. This was the Kaiser's silent farewell from the man who had founded the Empire."

It is interesting, if often disconcerting, to see ourselves as foreigners see us. Herr Rudolf Kircher, for some time a correspondent in London, has set down his impressions in *How They Do It In England* (Mathews and Marrot. 10s. 6d.). Despite the obvious blunders into which the author falls, and they are many, he has a shrewd outlook on our character. His opinions of our literary lights reveal the strangest sense of values, and surely he is quite wrong in saying that the British Press is the organ of the upper classes, and that debating is included in the English school syllabus. It is in America where there are professorships of public speech and classes whose utter seriousness has its humorous elements. I have seen a pupil fit his feet into marked positions and raise his hand to the correct height before opening his mouth. It is comforting to learn from our kindly observer that "the English are not more gifted than other people, but they have more fully learnt the art of fellowship and they have been better taught."

"WE WILL LIVE AND DIE TOGETHER": Another wood cut from the modernistically antique chisel of Mr. Thomas Derrick

Sir George Aston has written a real thriller which in its sober truth surpasses anything that could arise in the mind of Edgar Wallace. Here at last is the authentic story of secret service, spies, sudden death, enemy propaganda, and the astonishing ramifications of our Secret Intelligence Service. His chapter on the finale on the Western Front throws astonishing light on the virulent anti-British propaganda carried on by the French.

There is not a page in this book, *Secret Service* (Faber and Faber. 18s.), that is not absorbing and original

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DICKENS FRESCOES *in a Tavern* IN JEOPARDY

The Vigorous Early Work of A. R. Thomson, the Well-known Portraitist, Boldly Depicted on the Walls of the Duncannon, Charing Cross, to be Demolished by House-breakers

(*Continued from page* 167)

doors, and is to be torn down along with the Duncannon behind it and all the other lease-expired buildings on that island site). As a matter of fact the Golden Cross was Pickwickian only in name. There is a possibility that the small yard at the back of it, in between the Golden Cross and the Duncannon, was part of the stable-yard of the earlier Golden Cross from which Pickwick and his friends began their memorable journey with Jingle calling out, "Heads, heads, take care of your heads," as the coach rumbled through the low archway. But that Golden Cross was torn down when Trafalgar Square was laid out, and the empty Golden Cross which is now awaiting demolition has no connection with Pickwick. It has been the third Golden Cross on approximately that site. There was in fact a Golden Cross in the old village of Charing when the Strand was a country lane along the river.

However the Golden Cross suggested Pickwick to the Duncannon's proprietor, and he opened his new lounge with these life-sized Pickwick panels in all their bright new colour. A little later he made a change in his lounge by building in a piece of wall to close a doorway. Over this later area of wall he continued the panels, and this later work the artist did on canvas instead of on paper. This work can accordingly be saved. It includes the spirited panel of Pickwick in the pound, which measures up favourably alongside the earlier work, and a small strip above the bar which is of lesser interest. All the best panels belong to the original work, and before long will belong to the demolition contractors.

It might perhaps be expected that the artist would have had a sufficient motive for making his own work known, but in this respect artists sometimes disappoint. The artist, who should have leaped into recognition as a master on the strength of these amazing panels was unknown when he did them, and since then has quit caricature for other fields. A reporter who hunted him up the other day found a portrait painter who has all but forgotten his caricature days, a man who at the age of thirty-five is represented in the Tate Gallery, the branch of the National Gallery which exhibits modern British artists, and whose only entry for this year's Royal Academy show was purchased by Sir William Orpen, in other words, a portrait painter of recognized distinction. "What do you think about it?" the reporter wrote on a pad.

Mr. Thomson shrugged his shoulders. Apparently he didn't think much about it at all. Or if he did he didn't know what there was to be done about it. Finally, with a few rapid strokes, he drew a picture of a gigantic forest of steel and concrete skyscrapers with a great steam roller in the foreground on the point of crushing the diminutive Duncannon out of existence. "It s just life," he wrote under it.

"Is there any way of saving them?" the reporter wrote.

"Difficult," he wrote, and stopped to underline the word heavily. Then he wrote again: "Parts of them might be saved if the paper was in good condition. They should have been done on canvas, but there was no money. What they wanted at first was something smaller." He drew a square of wall with a few lines in the centre and a frill around the edges. "Something like that. Then they wanted more. The figures were cut out and pasted on as they were needed. Finally the whole walls were covered. They were finished with a coat of white varnish and nothing has been done to them since. They are very dirty now. Eight years of Gold Flake cigarette smoke! All their colour has gone. The paper is in a very bad state."

"No chance?"

Mr. Thomson shook his head. Then he picked up the pencil. "They can be cleaned. All that dirt will come off.' The pencil was flung down again, and the reporter gathered that the artist's regret at the prospect of their destruction is somewhat tempered by the state they have been allowed to get into. In fact their originally bright colours are now dark reds, browns, and blacks.

"Did you ever do any other work like them?"

"I wanted to but no other pub would consider it."

"Why?"

"Too Rabelaisian they said." The reporter must have looked incredulous, for Mr. Thomson picked up the pencil again. "Publicans are the most conservative people in London," he wrote.

However, one reason why the Pickwick panels were among the last of his caricatures was that Augustus John discovered him in 1920, and by 1922 he was already veering toward portrait work. When John found him he was doing posters for a moving-picture company at £2 or £3 apiece, and it usually took him a week to do a poster. He had just come up from Kent, where his parents had tried to make a farmer of him, not because he knew anything of farming but because he kept gravitating to the London art school in Kensington as long as he was left in London. In fact he has drawn all his life. He began covering his nursery walls with charcoal marks when he was a small boy at Bangalore in India, and he was never entirely happy at Margate after his parents had brought him home for his schooling. From his first day in the life class at the London art school he knew what he wanted, although the Kentish farm episode was still to come. To-day all this seems very ancient history indeed, for men with pictures in the Tate Gallery are men of acknowledged position.

"How do you compare the Pickwick panels with your other work?"

He didn't quite know. He had never stopped to think about it. He brought out photographs of some of his portrait work. It had been a long time since caricature had occurred to him. It was all forgotten about.

"But I would like to have copies of them. I have nothing. I kept no sketches. I had none of my work photographed in those days. If they could be cleaned they might be photographed yet."

From which it seems to follow that critical Londoners are more deeply moved by the impending destruction of the Pickwick panels than is the artist himself. London is comparatively poor in mural decorations, and this wonderful series in the lounge of a West-end pub is one of the best, if not the best, series that it has. This being the case, London to-day is climbing the Duncannon's narrow stairs to take a farewell look at these glorious examples of frescoed caricatures.

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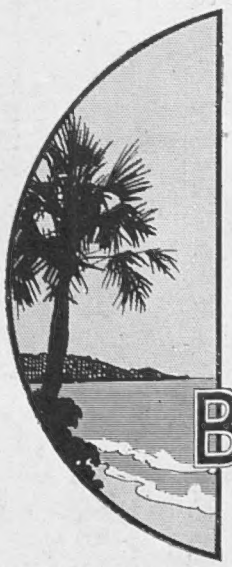

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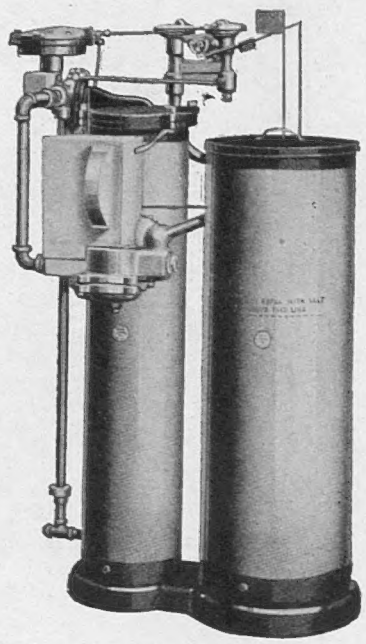
NOTES and NEWS

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL, ST. IVES, CORNWALL

Tregenna Castle Hotel, once one of the country houses of England, is a holiday-makers' resort set in the wonderful country of the Lizard and Kynance Cove, of romantic Tintagel, of Sennen and Land's End, where gaunt cliffs frown down on the swirling green waters of the Atlantic. It was a pleasant house that the Squires Stephens built for themselves one hundred and fifty years ago upon a wooded hill that overlooked the little fishing town of St. Ives, with its steep, narrow streets and bustling harbour. Still Tregenna Castle, this square, turreted mansion, is now the perfect example of the hotel which is no hotel. It is just a comfortable country house capable of accommodating a hundred or more guests, standing in its own park and gardens, unspoiled and unmodernized except for the recent addition of new wings in keeping with the original building, affording increased bedrooms, a number of which are provided with hot and cold water supply, spacious lounge and dining-room, and the unobtrusive introduction of a well-sprung dancing floor, telephones, central heating, electric-lighting, and white-tiled bathrooms; with an all pervading atmosphere of comfort and a well-organized service.

FOR SEAMEN IN THE ARGENTINE

At No. 4, Audley Square, the town house of Lady Janet Bailey, there will take place next Wednesday evening at 9.45 p.m. a variety entertainment in aid of the Buenos Aires branch of the Mission to Seamen. A very necessary and excellent work is done at the Buenos Aires dockside by the mission, and it is hoped that those of our readers who are interested in the Argentine and the fate of our seamen on their far journeyings will attend this very bright entertainment. Tickets (one guinea each, including supper) can be obtained from the Lady Effie Millington-Drake at 8, Lancaster Gate, W.1.



A NOTABLE WATER-SOFTENER: The device marketed by Drake and Gorham of Grosvenor Gardens. As was pointed out at the demonstration to members of the London and Provincial Hairdressers' Association recently, one type is the only automatic device of its kind in the British Isles. All types are simple in operation and made of non-rustable and non-corrodable material

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We are very glad to announce that this old established Society has welcomed on to its General Committee Viscount D'Abernon, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, Bart, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., has kindly consented to become a Member of the Ship Committee. The Committees are very glad to have such prominent people join them in their direction of the various branches of the work. The address of Headquarters is 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE IVORY CROSS BALL: The Earl of Normanton and Mrs. Dickson Moyse, both of whom are active in furthering the success of the Ivory Cross Ball organized by Mrs. Norman Freudenthal, the sister of Mrs. Dickson Moyse. The ball will be held on November 4 at the Kit-Cat, at which Mr. C. B. Cochran's cabaret, arranged by Mr. Sonnie Hale, will be a great feature. Tickets are £1 10s. each

AT THE PICCADILLY HOTEL: The June Dancers, who will start their engagement for two weeks on November 3. The picture shows Miss June Radbourne with two members of her company in "Coquette," a ballet with music by Johann Strauss

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Kolombo's face changed for a moment and his eyes looked rather grim. Then he patted her hair and talked to her about the café that she wanted to buy, and said they would have to try to think of some way of arranging this if possible.

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